

ÉDITION DE LUXE

No. 1,076

JULY 12, 1890

THE
GRAPHIC.
AN
ILLUSTRATED
WEEKLY
NEWSPAPER.



PRICE NINEPENCE

THE GRAPHIC

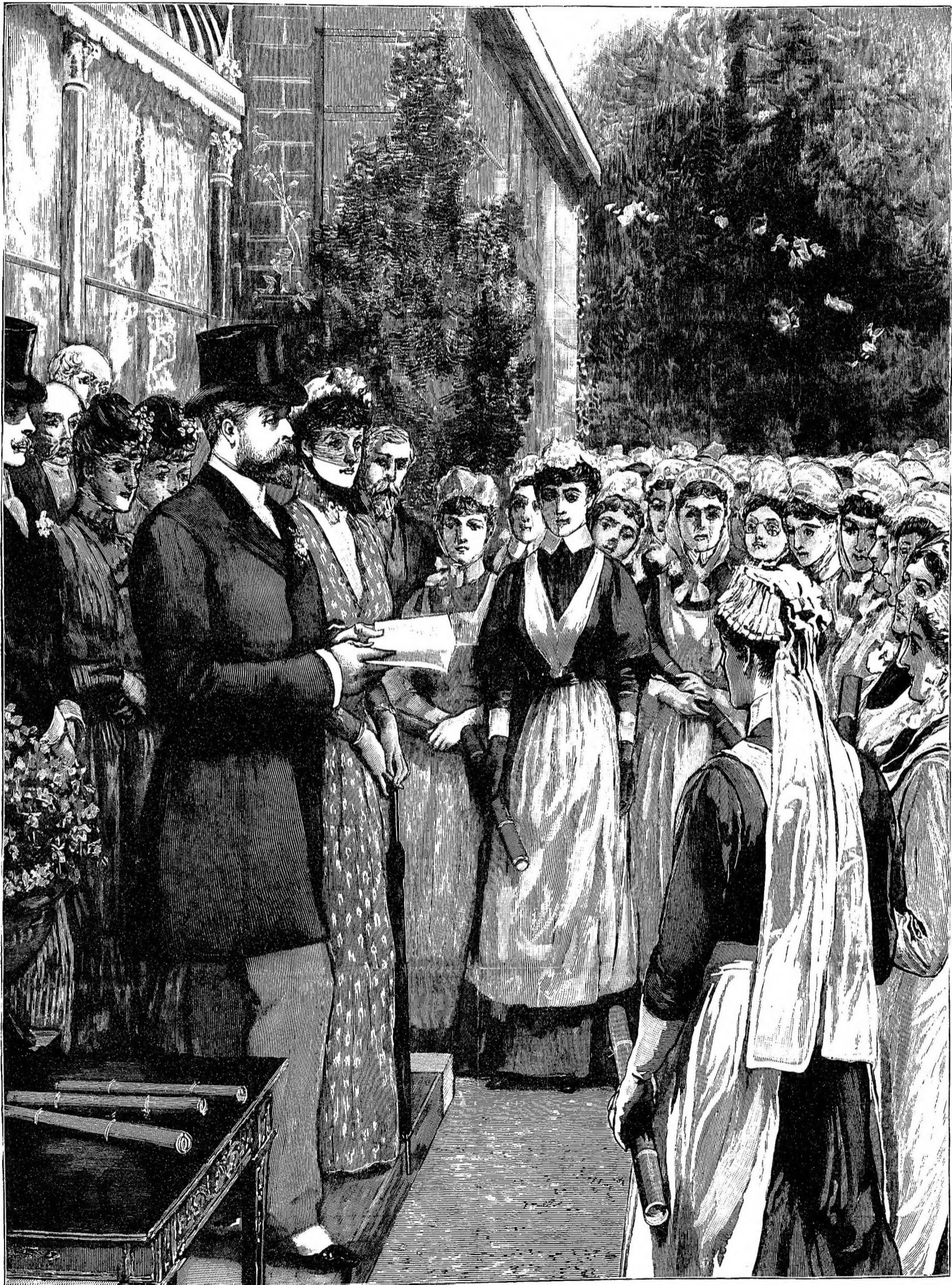
AN ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY NEWSPAPER

NO. 1,076.—VOL. XLII.] ÉDITION
Registered as a Newspaper] DE LUXE

SATURDAY, JULY 12, 1890

WITH TWO SUPPLEMENTS

PRICE NINEPENCE
By Post 9½d.



HOSPITAL NURSES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE
THE PRINCE OF WALES ADDRESSING THE NEWLY-JOINED MEMBERS OF THE NATIONAL PENSION FUND FOR NURSES

THE GRAPHIC



POLICE DISCONTENT.—It must be confessed that the present volcanic condition of the Metropolitan Police justifies some alarm; but not nearly to the extent that a newly-landed foreigner might conceive from the sensational accounts in the daily papers. Their reporters appear to obtain their information almost exclusively from the malcontents, who pour into their ready ears the wildest tales of "general strikes," and the relegation of the safety of London to the criminal classes. The object sought by the concoctors of these terrifying figments is to frighten the public, and the daily Press is unconsciously made use of as a speaking trumpet. That the police believe, like the postmen, that they ought to get better pay is perfectly true. So far, the whole body may be considered "discontented." But discontented is one thing, insubordination quite another, and it is only the younger members who are affected by the latter. During the last two years an altogether exceptional number of new men have joined the force, and among these, not a few had probably taken more or less part in that industrial warfare in which almost all trades have participated. They thus entered the police with only very elementary notions of discipline, and finding it somewhat galling, as military recruits are wont to do, they gave way to a spirit of insubordination, scarcely knowing how serious was their misconduct. No doubt, also, the resignation of Mr. Monro, apparently because he found himself powerless to uphold their interests, added fuel to the flames of their resentment. But the older and more experienced officers, while quite as anxious to get better pay, and not less grateful to the ex-Commissioner, refused to carry out the behests of the professional agitators who sought to take the lead. But as these faithful men do not go about bellowing their loyalty in the streets, it is not perceived by the rushing reporter, who must get news quickly from one quarter or another. And so the loyalty of the vast majority is obscured by the disloyalty of the meagre minority.

THE WELLINGTON BARRACKS INCIDENT.—Clubland had a brave thrill on Monday, when scurrying newsboys shrilly screeched "Mutiny of the Guards!" through the West End. One might have imagined that their strident cries would have penetrated even through the thick walls of the War Office. But it cannot have been so, or Mr. Stanhope would not have had to plead entire ignorance some hours afterwards. Pall Mall is not so remote from Wellington Barracks but that a message could have been carried across long before the news reached the evening papers. Since, therefore, Mr. Stanhope had "heard nothing about it" up to 4 P.M., the natural inference was that some imaginative reporter had evolved the "mutiny" out of his inner consciousness. To some extent he apparently did; for so far as it is possible to judge from the conflicting evidence, the 2nd battalion Grenadier Guards did not carry insubordination beyond remaining in their barrack-rooms when the bugle called them to a "kit inspection" parade. That was sufficiently bad, but it did not amount to "mutiny," for the men turned out at once when their company officers gave them the order. We do not raise this distinction by way of extenuating their gross misconduct. Whatever irritation they may have been suffering from, and whether they were worried past endurance or not, there can be no excuse whatever for their combining to set their commanding officer at defiance. Such an outrage on discipline would disgrace the "grabbliest" of Line regiments; but for a battalion of the Foot Guards to be guilty of it seems almost incredible. These *corps d'élite* should be, and usually are, models of discipline, as well as of drill, to the whole army. Line regiments recognise them in that character, and strive to attain the same *dégrée* of perfection. For this reason, too, it is that the Guards exclusively garrison London; less well behaved troops might succumb to its manifold temptations. If, therefore, the battalion at Wellington Barracks really acted as alleged, it should certainly have a spell of duty at some foreign station, by way of warning that only well-behaved soldiers can be allowed to share the privileges of the Guards.

POSTMEN'S GRIEVANCES.—On the whole the postmen have conducted their agitation within reasonably subordinate lines. The Hyde Park demonstration was, of course, a most lamentable exception, nor can it be denied that some of the men have every now and then displayed a disposition to set discipline at defiance. But the great majority, although, perhaps, in sympathy with these hot spirits, have refused to accept the guidance of professional agitators. Nothing has happened, therefore, to hinder the Postmaster-General from listening to their complaints as regards hours of work, amount of remuneration, and other details of the service. It will be well, nevertheless, for them to remember that they voluntarily accepted the conditions which they now consider so harsh. There was no compulsion on them to give their services to the Post Office, nor can they allege that their condition has deteriorated since they entered its employ. A bargain is a bargain all the world over, and these meritorious public servants had better, therefore, rest their claims for better treatment not on right, but on kindly consideration.

They may rest assured that the Postmaster-General will never submit to dictation backed by the threat of a strike. He is answerable to the public for the proper ordering of the department, and, since this grave responsibility rests upon him alone, he is entitled to very wide latitude in maintaining the discipline necessary for the prompt conduct of postal business. It is reported that some of the men actually insist upon his taking orders for the future from their Union. They are also said to make it a point that the rules prohibiting meetings shall be cancelled, and that all who have been dismissed for breaking them shall be reinstated. Such imperious demands cannot be listened to for a moment. With the Postmaster-General it must always rest to decide the conditions of service, he being under obligation to the taxpayers to obtain the labour required at the lowest market rate. A postman has no more right to expect fancy pay than a cobbler or a navvy, or any other worker.

THE TITHE BILL.—That the Session which is now approaching its close is certain to be, as regards legislative achievements, a barren Session, no one can deny. The Irish Land Purchase Bill will almost surely be abandoned, or, at all events, should the proposals made by the Government in the Procedure Committee be carried into effect, hung up until another year. The clauses providing for the extinction of publicans' licences by the County Council have been irretrievably lost, thanks to the fanaticism of Temperance Extremists, aided by the whole force of the Opposition, who really cared nothing for the interests either of publicans or teetotallers, their sole aim being to damage as much as possible the legislative record of the Government. There remains, therefore, only one important Ministerial measure, the Tithe Bill. Every one who is patriot rather than partisan must hope that Lord Cranborne's appeal—which is, of course, really the appeal of his father, the Prime Minister—may meet with a practical response, and that the Government will make a determined effort to carry the Bill this Session. Whether we are Churchmen or Nonconformists, we are agreed upon one point, namely, that tithes do not belong either to the landlord or to the tenant-farmer, but are the property of the nation. The lawless proceedings, however, which have of late years attended the collection of tithes in North Wales have imbued the tenant-farmers with the idea that if they continue to resist the claims of the clergy they will be able to put the tithe into their own pockets. Unfortunately, it is the interest of the more unscrupulous members of the Opposition to keep up this condition of agitation and unrest, and therefore they will endeavour to obstruct the progress of the Bill—which in itself is a most mild affair, merely transferring the responsibility of tithe-payment from the occupier to the owner—by a long array of amendments. If the Government should resolve to try and pass the Bill, let them be warned by their experience of the earlier months of the Session. Their crowning blunder has been that they have treated their adversaries with the courtesy and consideration due to patriotic and honourable opponents. In reality, they have to deal with as factious and unscrupulous a crew as ever entered the House of Commons. Let them alter their tactics accordingly, and they will receive heartier support from the outside public than they now do.

SHADOW AND SUBSTANCE.—Is it frivolous to hint that, to judge from the statistics adduced in the course of Monday's debate on the subject, the grievance of being "shadowed" is somewhat shadowy? Of course it is not an agreeable thing, according to those who have experienced it to feel that one's comings and goings are specially observed by a live shadow, whether the victim be a Cabinet Minister attended for the protection of his own person, or a suspected agitator followed for the protection of other people. The plight of Peter Schlemihl, who had no shadow at all, would be generally considered preferable. But Peter, according to the old story, bitterly repented of the bargain which deprived him of his natural attendant; and, as Mr. Balfour pretty conclusively explained, many of those who are now merely "shadowed" would, under a former *régime*, have been, under identical conditions, deprived of their own proper shadows by being removed out of the sunshine. The Irish Secretary is good at statistics; and it appears that at one period of Mr. Forster's administration there were more than a hundred persons simultaneously "detained" on suspicion of boycotting and intimidation; that is to say, were, instead of being shadowed, as at present, deprived of their liberty—not to speak of the numbers who in Mr. Forster's time were subjected to precisely the same treatment as they now receive from Mr. Balfour. It is certainly remarkable that though the system complained of is of quite a respectable antiquity, it should never have been brought up as a grievance until now. Is it that, the more severe measures having become virtually disused, the less severe substitutes are felt the more heavily, just as a slight pain is unfelt until a sharper has been removed? If so, the complaint looks like a natural stage in a gradual cure.

THE PERILS OF TRUSTEESHIP.—The House of Commons, which is sent to Westminster to perform the national business, wastes so much of its time in senseless partisan wrangles that it has scant leisure for legislation of great public importance, and which is, moreover, of an entirely

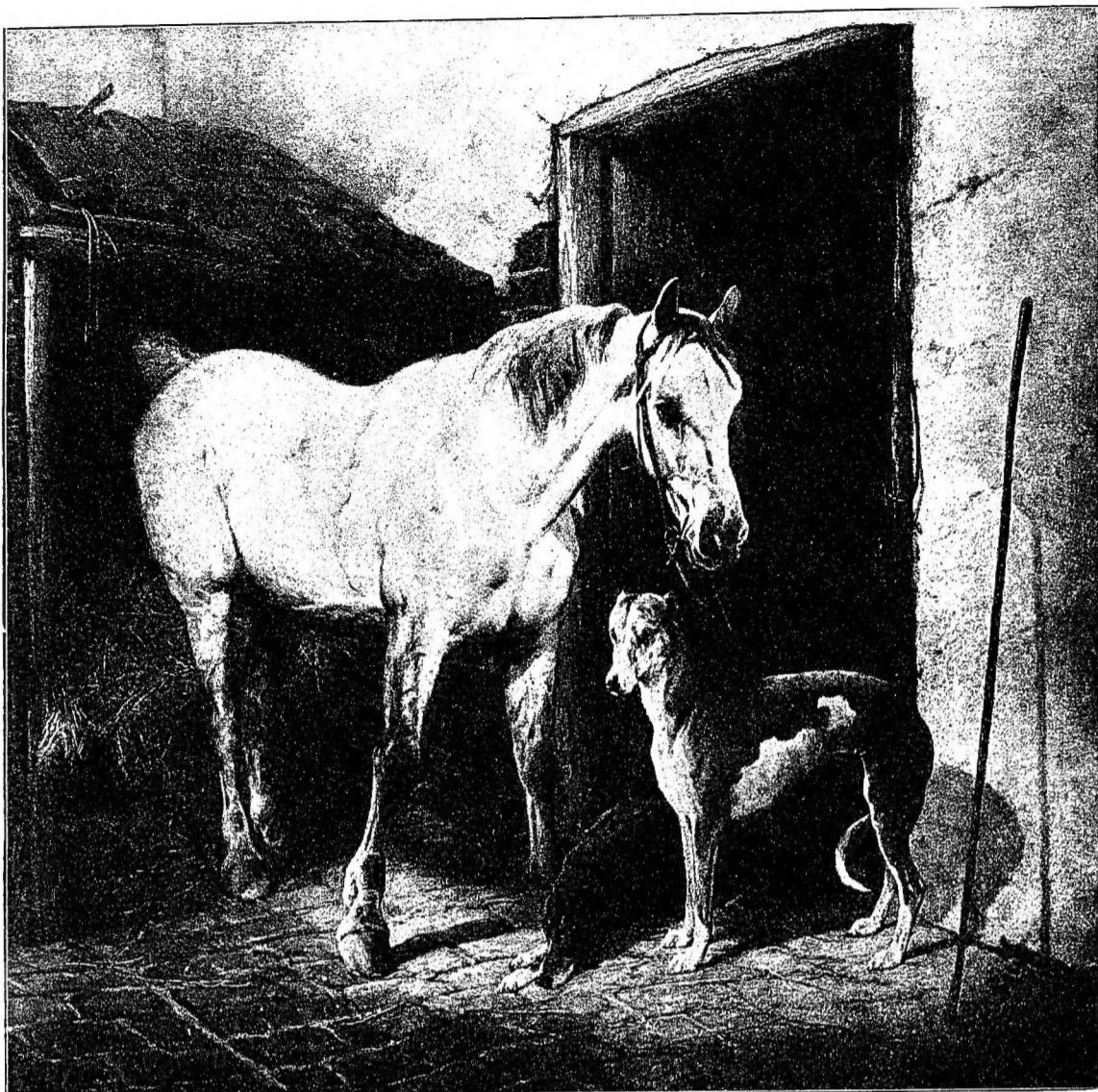
non-contentious character. Whatever a man's religion or politics may be, he desires, if he leaves money on trust, that it should be secured to the persons for whose benefit it is designed; while at the same time, if prudent, he shrinks from the danger and responsibility incurred should he himself undertake the duties of trusteeship. Under the present system, therefore, a large number of us want others to do for ourselves something which we are by no means willing to do for them in return. Trustees are urgently needed, but few laymen accept the office cheerfully. The practical result is that trusteeship usually devolves on solicitors. As a rule they fulfil their duties honestly; still in actual fact there are numerous instances of default. "Hundreds of thousands of pounds," said Mr. Justice Kay in a recent judgment, "are lost in this way; and not a week passes without several cases of this kind being brought to my attention." The case in question was typical of hundreds of others. There were two co-trustees, a solicitor and a dissenting minister. The latter allowed the former to get into his hands on insufficient security about 4,000*l.* of the trust-money. The solicitor died insolvent; and the money had vanished. The residuary legatee brought an action against the surviving trustee, who is eighty-three years old, in feeble health, and had not received a penny of the trust-money. Mr. Justice Kay humanely declined to make an order against the poor old man, but other judges may not be so merciful. In the interest, therefore, of trustees, let us quote once more from his lordship. "When shall we have a public trustee? I wish the persons who have the power of making laws could have the benefit of the experience of a Judge of the Chancery Division for six months." Members of the House of Commons, please take note of this.

NEWFOUNDLAND.—As the history of the Newfoundland question progresses, there is found less and less reason for any idea of arbitration—that theoretically admirable expedient, from which Britain invariably contrives, somehow or other, to emerge the loser. There is great force, as well as fresh complexity, in the contention which Sir William Whiteley, the Colonial Premier, and his colleagues have made on behalf of the Newfoundlanders—namely, that a Treaty made between Great Britain and the United States, in 1818 (and therefore subsequent to those on which the French pretensions are based), gave to American fishermen the right of fishing along what is known as the French shore. Not only does this point make the United States an interested party to the dispute, but it tends to put France out of court altogether, on the ground that she took no objection to the Treaty either at the time or afterwards, and has therefore admitted the validity of a treaty inconsistent with her own exclusive claim. It is doubtful, however, whether the case of the colonists was not amply strong enough already, even without this additional argument. Not enough has been made of the unquestionable doctrine of International Law, to the effect that subsequent war annuls all previous treaties between the belligerents, and that it would be difficult, if possible, for France to maintain that she has a single claim which has survived the war which ended in 1815. But even if the comity of nations warranted such survival, it would still require a good deal of special pleading rather than of diplomacy to interpret catching cod at sea as implying canning lobsters on shore. It is the lobsters, not the cod, round which the real combat rages. Altogether, the case for the colonists appears so sound at every point, that they would have a right to complain if the home Government, by submitting it to arbitration, were to acknowledge it to be inherently doubtful.

A WET SUMMER.—Let us hope that the dripping memories of 1860 and 1879 are not about to be reproduced in 1890. In some respects the present season has, thus far, the pull over its dismal predecessors. They had a severe winter and a chilly spring immediately followed by a rainy summer. This year the winter was mild, and the spring fairly genial, indeed the warmth of May was above the average. Nor were the showers of the first half of June regarded with apprehension, as the previous rainfall had for some months been deficient. But now that the bad weather has gone on for six weeks, accompanied, too, as it has been since July began, by such heavy rains, strong winds, and singularly low temperatures, observers naturally become uneasy, especially as we are within a few days of the St. Swithin period, which is normally of a moist character. It is quite tantalising at such a time, when we are wearing winter clothing, and even in some cases sitting by fires, to read of "waves of heat" passing over America, of sunstrokes, and of thermometers rising to 100 degrees in the shade. If Brother Jonathan would only spare us half his heat, both Continents would be more comfortable. It is worth noticing that the weather in Europe is usually the reverse of that in America. This is especially the case when the conditions are abnormal. A severe winter in America implies a mild winter in Europe; a hot summer in America implies a cold summer in Europe, and *vice versa*. The difference is probably due to the fact that the west wind, which with us is an ocean wind, is, at any rate in the Atlantic States, a continental wind. A prevalence of west winds, therefore, means in Europe mild winters and chilly summers; but in America, east of the Rocky Mountains, exactly the reverse.

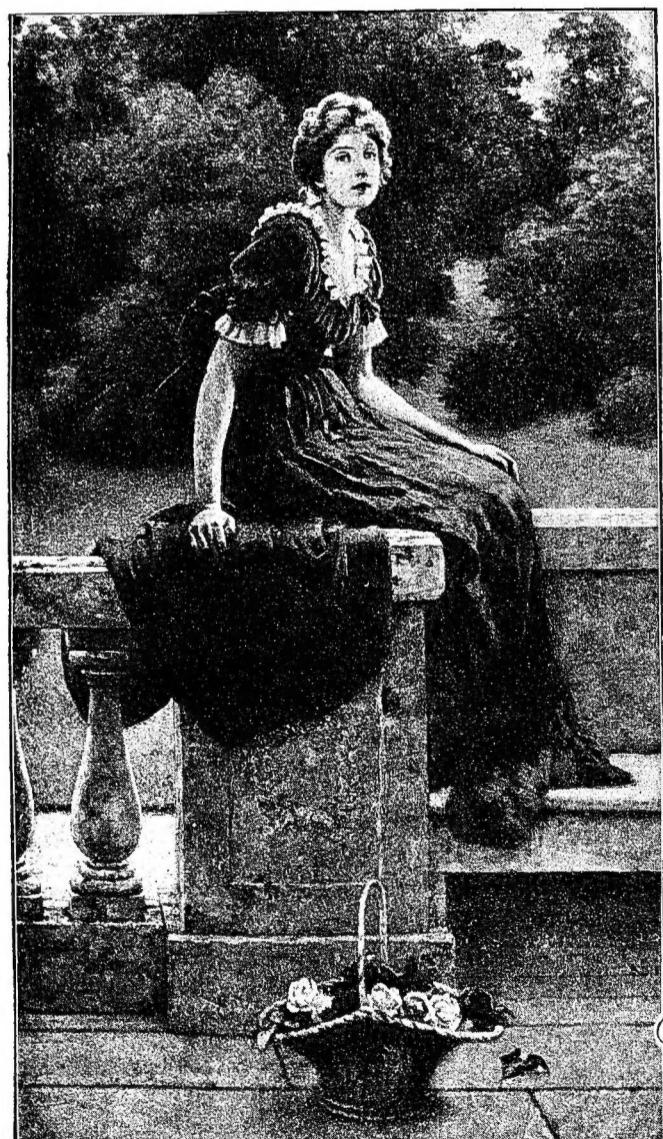


SOME REPRESENTATIVE CRICKETERS



EDWIN DOUGLAS

"GREY HACK AND GREY HOUND"



G. D. LESLIE, R.A.

"THE TERRACE

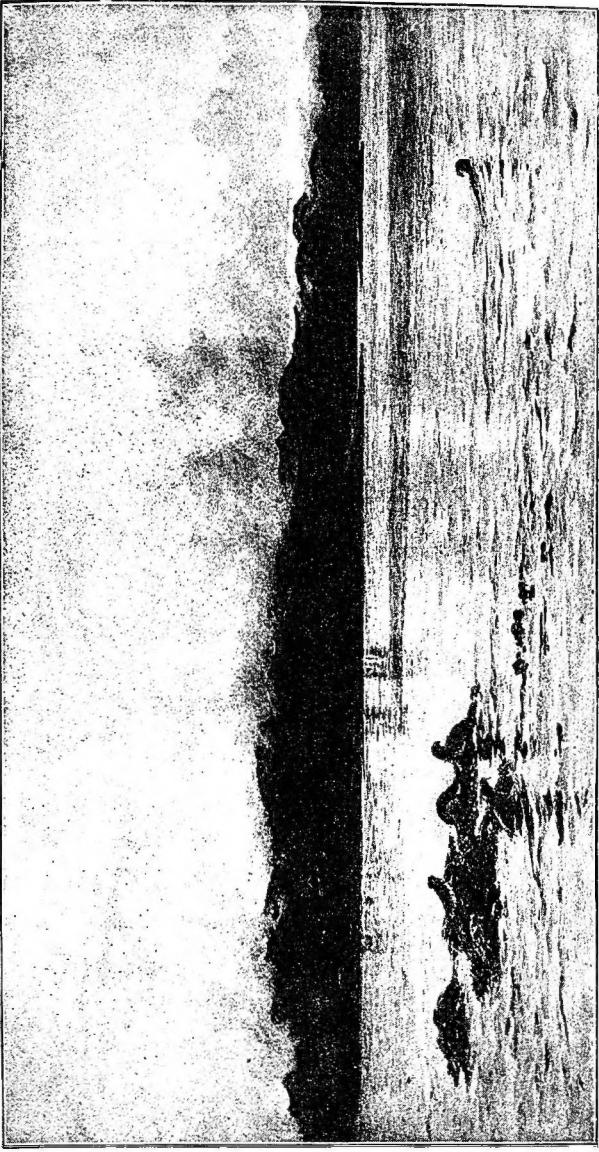
Royal Academy



W. P. FRITH, R.A.

"MRS. GERALD CRÉCY PARNELL"

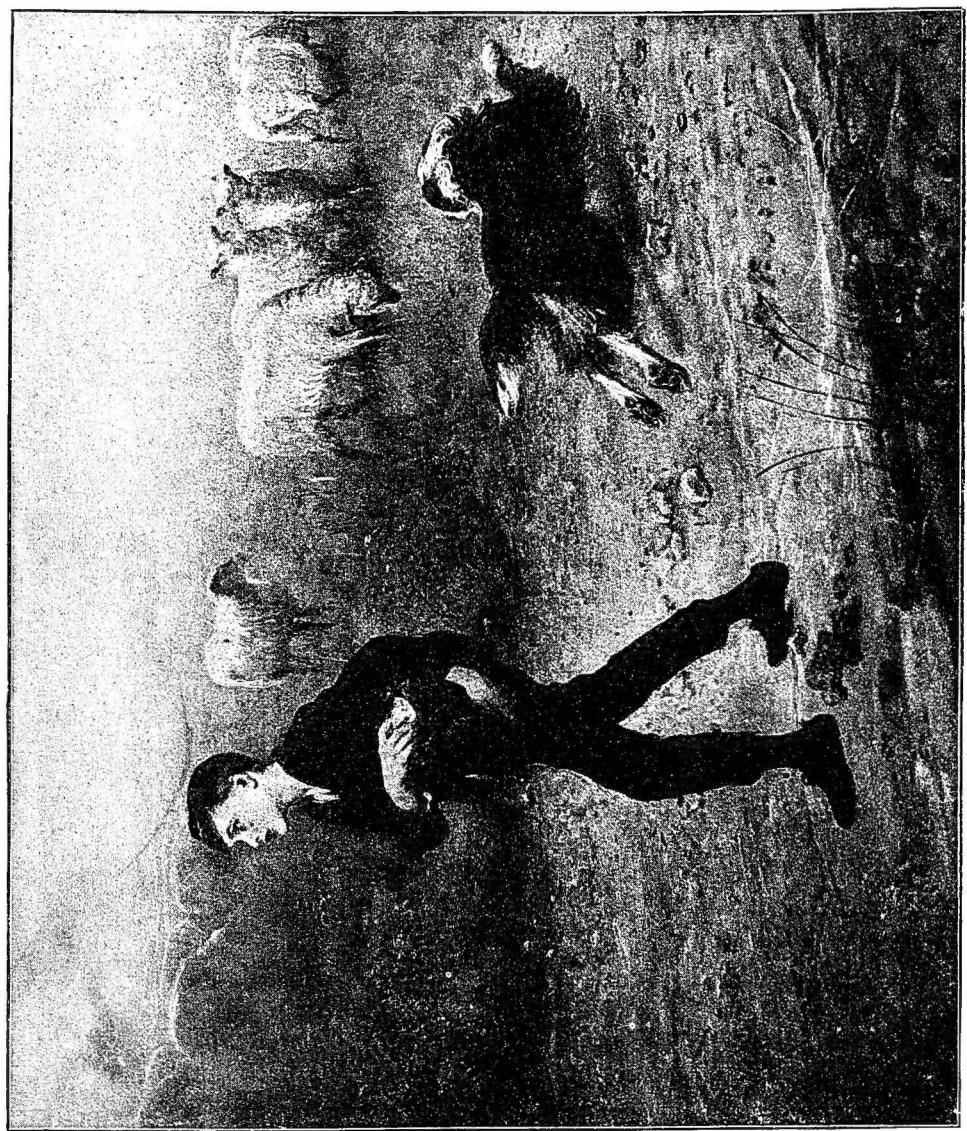
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Royal Academy

"THE HILLS OF MORVEN"

COLIN HUNTER, A.R.A.



Royal Academy

"OLIVER TWIST" (He walks to London—Chap. viii.)

JAMES SANT, R.A.

JAMES SANT, R.A.

Grosvenor Gallery

1889

"THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE, JULY 27, 1889
To be published by Messrs. Clifford as a photogravure

SYDNEY P. HALL

"THE WEDDING OF THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF FIFE, JULY 27, 1889
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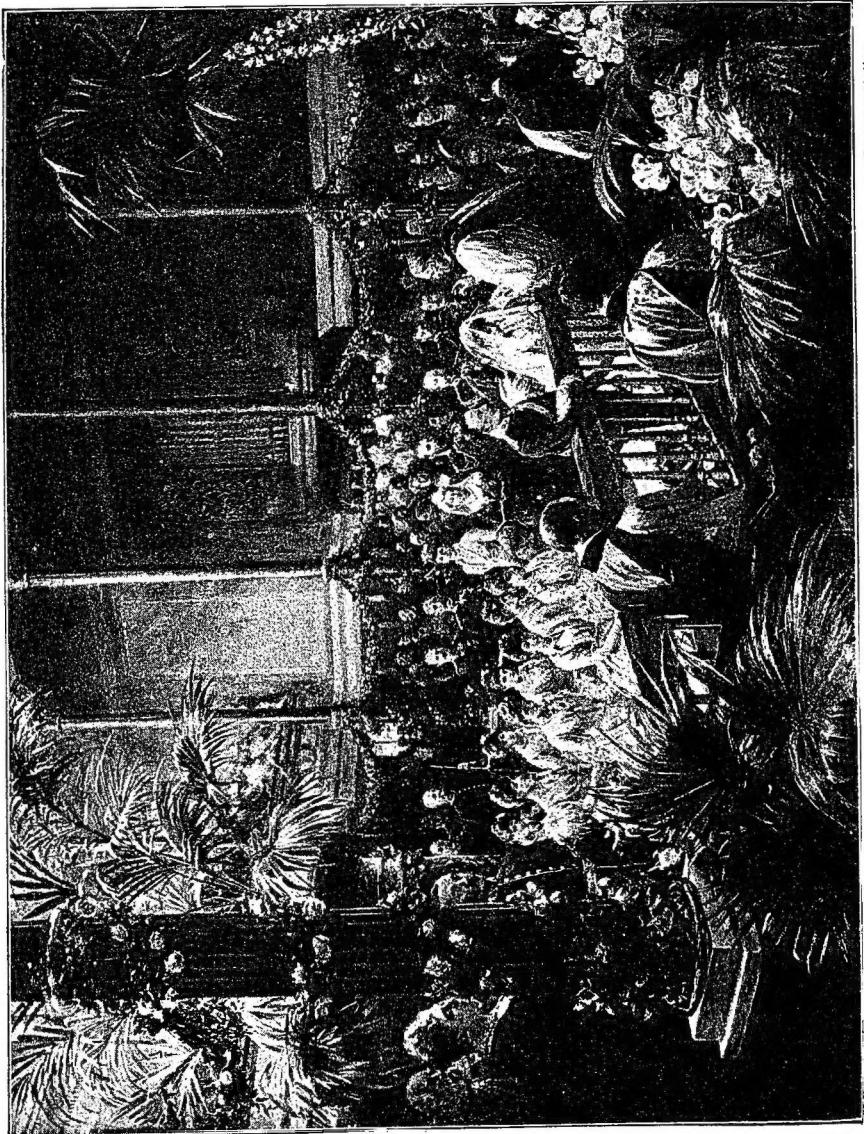
PICTURES OF THE YEAR—V.
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Royal Academy

"GOLDEN PIPPINS"

WILLIAM STRUTT



"THE HEATHER IN FULL BLOOM."—Prince Bismarck has not postponed his visit to this island in general, and to the part called Scotland in particular, because he has any objection to meeting his Sovereign. Nothing of the sort; it is, as he has explained, because he "wants to see the heather in full bloom," and it so happens that the heather will not be in all its purple glory until after the purple of German Empire has departed from our shores. Possibly this seasonableness of the heather-bloom has its conveniences; it may even be that if the Emperor had also set his heart upon observing that especial natural phenomenon, his ex-Chancellor might have felt a longing for the autumnal beauties of beech and maple. But there is no reason to doubt the sincerity of the desire. Who does not want to see the heather in full bloom? Prince Bismarck, for all his "blood-and-iron" reputation, and for all his exceedingly prosaic way of dealing with matters of business, has constantly startled people whom inconsistency puts out, and who like to have their great men as strictly and accurately labelled as one of Carlyle's revolutionary heroes or Macaulay's historical villains, by some piece of simple sentiment which would not be out of place in a drawing-room ballad. It is easy to imagine a picture that would make a name for its painter by depicting the most terrible of living statesmen rapt in the contemplation of a heather-bell; it could be taken quite seriously, and mean anything that anybody pleased. It must not be forgotten, however, that Prince Bismarck has his humorous side as well as his practical and his sentimental side: that he is, in short, an intensified type of the whole German character, which is fuller of apparent inconsistencies than any other type existing. We believe both in the sincerity and in the expediency of his passion for the heather-bloom of 1890. People do sometimes mean what they say.

NOTICE.—With this number are issued, TWO EXTRA SUPPLEMENTS, one entitled "PICTURES OF THE YEAR, V.", the other containing PORTRAITS of PROMINENT CRICKETERS.

NOTICE.—MRS. F. E. TROLLOPE's new story, "MADAME LEROUX," illustrated by Percy Macquoid, R.I., is concluded this week. Next week we shall issue the first part of a NEW STORY by S. BARING GOULD, author of "John Herring," &c., entitled "URITH: A TALE OF DARTMOOR," illustrated by Frank Dadd, R.I., which will be continued weekly until completion.

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FOR PARTICULARS OF THE MILITARY and FRENCH EXHIBITIONS, see page 45.

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HOSPITAL NURSES AT MARLBOROUGH HOUSE

ON July 4th, an interesting ceremony took place at Marlborough House, when the Princess of Wales presented certificates of membership of the National Pension Fund for Nurses to representatives of the first thousand who joined the fund. The number of nurses present was about seven hundred, and they were ranged in companies under the trees in the gardens behind Marlborough House. The variety of the uniforms worn made the scene a very picturesque one. All the principal London and many of the Provincial hospitals were represented, while here and there were to be seen the special uniforms worn on foreign service. The Royal party, consisting of the Prince and Princess of Wales, the Duke of Clarence and Avondale, and the Princesses Victoria and Maud, appeared on the steps leading from the conservatory shortly before 1 P.M. As each nurse passed the steps, she received her certificate from the hands of the Princess. Each certificate had been signed by the Princess of Wales, and stated that it was presented in testimony of the fact that the recipient was one of the first thousand nurses who joined the fund, and thus became one of the founders who secured 25,000/ as the nucleus of a permanent trust for the benefit of the nurses of the British Empire. After this the Prince addressed the assembled nurses in a very informing speech, showing how the National Pension Fund originated, and how it was administered. The nurses partook of refreshment in luncheon tents which had been erected in the garden, and then gradually dispersed.

THE MARINE DRIVE AT DOUGLAS HEAD, ISLE OF MAN

THE town of Douglas is the seat of Government, and is the most important, as well as the handsomest, town in Manxland. It is situated on a noble bay, backed by wooded hills; and on the left is Douglas Head, a rugged projection of laminated shale, whose base is washed by the sea. From Douglas to Douglas Head there is a much-frequented road, which is to form the commencement of a new marine drive, affording varied and beautiful views of coast scenery. The stratification of the rocks here is of a very remarkable character. The new drive, which is to be constructed by Messrs. Jerram and Livingstone, civil engineers, will begin opposite the entrance to the southern approach of the new suspension bridge, and will then pass along the face of the rocks above the lighthouse, near which will be erected handsome entrance-gates and lodge. Crossing Pigeon Cove by means of a light ornamental suspension-bridge, it will be carried inside the rock known as the Nun's Chair, and thence under Walberry Crags, where the cliffs will tower 250 feet above the drive. Ultimately, it will join the road to the railway-station, and the high road from Douglas to Castletown. The drive will be forty feet wide, with footpaths on each side, and protected on the side next the sea by a low castellated wall with shelter-nooks.

POST-OFFICE JUBILEE CONVERSAZIONE

IN aid of the Rowland Hill Benevolent Fund, for the relief and assistance of Post-Office servants or their widows and children, a monster conversazione was held at the South Kensington Museum on the night of July 2nd. Ample and varied entertainment was provided for the guests between the hours of 7 and 9.30, when the

Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh were to arrive. There was plenty of music, both vocal and instrumental, and in various parts of the building post-offices were established at which there could be obtained Jubilee cards and Jubilee envelopes, and these, on payment of a small fee, were impressed with stamps of a unique design. There was also a large display of telegraphic apparatus, including the electrophonoscope of Messrs. Preece and Hughes, by means of which the operators at either end of the wire, while speaking through the telephone, are by an electric flash revealed to each other throughout their conversation. When the Royal guests had arrived and taken their seats, the ex-guard of the London and Exeter mail-coach, who began his duties in 1836, presented to the Duchess a letter signed by old officers of the Post-Office who entered the service more than fifty years ago. One of the signers had begun his Post-Office career in 1818. Later in the evening the Duke and Duchess adjourned to the concert-room, where Mr. Sims Reeves, who was in excellent voice, sang Lindsay Lennox's "Dream Memories," followed by "Tom Bowling," and "Come into the garden, Maud."

BOLTED

THOSE who have ever undergone this unpleasant experience will thoroughly appreciate the picture before us. If, when a horse ran away, the rider had before him a vast and fairly level treeless expanse, such as Salisbury Plain, the prospect would not be so disquieting, because sooner or later sheer physical exhaustion must cause the terrified animal to slacken his speed. In actual fact, however, the "bolt" usually takes place where there are ahead of the rider various formidable dangers, known or unknown. For instance, a cliff, with a perpendicular descent of two or three hundred feet, is not a terminus to be thankfully anticipated; nor a wooded country, where the rider will almost certainly be injured by the trees. The Queen's highway, too, is quite bad enough, for, before he reaches the end of his mad career, the horse is pretty sure to come in contact with something or other, and then the odds are that the rider will suffer serious, if not fatal, injury.

MR. H. M. STANLEY'S MARRIAGE

See page 43

THE SALE PADDOCK AT NEWMARKET

MUCH interest is always taken in the July Sales at Newmarket, when numbers of fashionably-bred yearlings are usually brought to the hammer. Seldom can Mr. Tattersall have enjoyed such brisk bidding as has this year been the order of the day. The "boom" began with the sale of Her Majesty's Hampton Court yearlings, when one, an own sister to Memoir, the winner of the Oaks, brought the highest price ever reached in this country, namely, 5,500 guineas; but it continued at Newmarket last week, when several youngsters fetched large sums. On the Tuesday, Mr. Douglas Baird gave 2,000 guineas for a chestnut colt by Sterling—Geologist, and two or three others brought amounts which ran into four figures. Next day, however, these prices were quite cast in the shade. Thirteen yearlings—let us hope the number does not bode ill for their Turf-careers—brought sums varying from one to three thousand guineas. Lord Dudley paid the last-mentioned sum twice for a bay colt by Barcaldine—Junket and for a sister to Heresy, by Hermit—Controversy mare, and Mr. Hamar Bass gave the same amount for a brother to Energy, by Sterling—Cherry Duchess. But the highest individual price of the week was brought on Thursday, when a brown filly by St. Simon—Josyan fell to Colonel North's bid of 3,200 guineas. Counting the Hampton Court Sale, twenty-seven yearlings fetched rather more than 50,000 guineas. Business can hardly be very bad when owners are found ready to give such enormous amounts on the chance that they may be obtaining an Ormonde, a Donovan, or a Signorina.

"MADAME LEROUX"

A NEW serial story by Frances Eleanor Trollope, illustrated by Percy Macquoid, is concluded in this number.

CRICKETERS OF THE YEAR

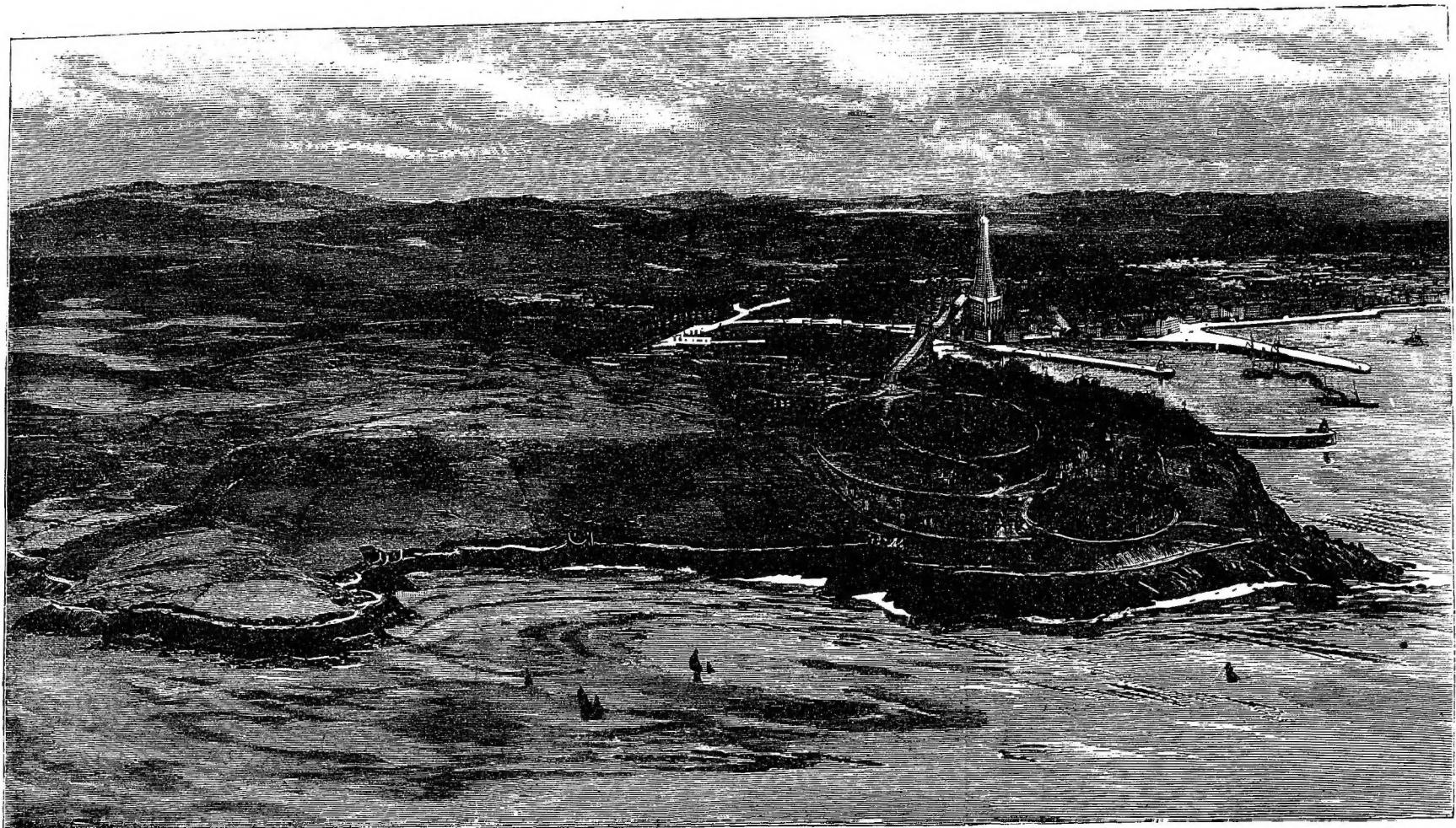
See page 39

PICTURES OF THE YEAR.—V.

MR. EDWIN DOUGLAS's pair of greys, "Grey Hack and Grey Hound," make a pleasant picture, which illustrates that intimate yet silent stable companionship which exists between dogs and horses. Outside the stable, unfortunately, the dog is by no means silent; as soon as ever his friend the horse begins to move, his demonstrations of attachment are of the noisiest character.—In "The Terrace" Mr. G. D. Leslie introduces us to a very charming girl, with an attractive look of expectancy in her eyes, as she sits on the balustrade.—Mr. Frith's "Mrs. Parnell" is an agreeable piece of portraiture, requiring no further comment.—Looking at Mr. Strutt's picture, "Golden Pippins," one is inclined to doubt whether the modern world has acted wisely in abolishing our forefathers' favourite instrument of punishment—the stocks. The stocks were just suited for offences which were not of a heinous kind, inasmuch as they placed the culprit in an inconvenient and ridiculous position, yet inflicted no lasting stigma. Nowadays, a boy who steals fruit, or beyond the flogging age, must either be sent to prison, or fined, in which latter case the real penalty falls on the parents.—"The Wedding of the Duke and Duchess of Fife," by Mr. Sydney Hall, belongs to a class of pictures which are always interesting to that large number of persons who eagerly follow the doings of Royal and titled personages. Moreover, as time goes on, such delineations acquire an added interest, as contemporary transcripts of a bygone period.—Mr. Colin Hunter furnishes a thoroughly northern landscape in his "Hills of Morven," with a background of rugged hills, and a foreground where seals are disporting themselves on the rocks.—Mr. Sant has for once abandoned portraiture to show us Oliver Twist on his weary pilgrimage to London. The works of Dickens afford a mine of pictorial wealth, and Mr. Sant has been so successful here that we hope he will study them again.

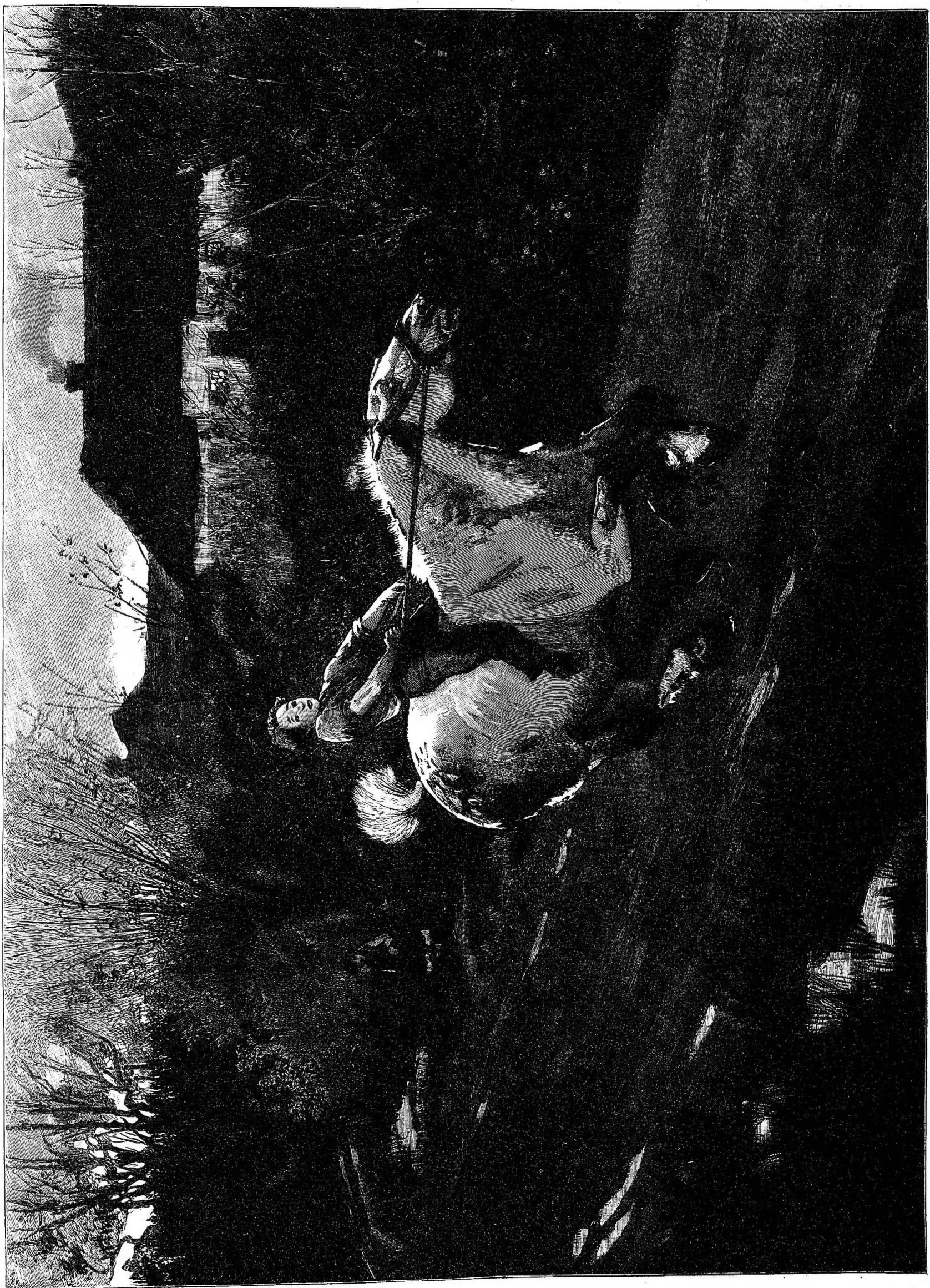
ON THE WAY TO HENLEY—A SCENE IN COOKHAM LOCK

DURING Henley week there is but one topic of interest, and that is Henley, politics and strikes and other bones of contention notwithstanding. There is nothing that Englishmen, and English-women too, love so much as a fair trial of skill and strength, and if the advantages of a picnic can be combined with the racing or cricket, so much the better. There are many ways of seeing Henley, but one of the pleasantest, if you are not wedged in behind a house-boat, or a tubful of stout persons with outrageous parasols, is to go, like the old gentleman of nursery fame, in a boat. On the morning of the races the small fry of the river swarm towards the classic course and the Cardinal's tall square church tower which watches over it. From Taplow, Maidenhead, and Bray they glide along the lovely reach beneath the Cliveden Woods, and in Cookham Lock there is the crush of the season. The lock



VIEW OF DOUGLAS, ISLE OF MAN, SHOWING THE NEW MARINE DRIVE

THE POST OFFICE JUBILEE CONVERSAZIONE
MR. SIMS REEVES SINGING



"BOLTED"
FROM THE DRAWING BY W. FRANK CALDERON

summer dresses will have to look their bravest to hold their own with the gorgeous College blazers, and less legitimate suburban lawn-tennis jackets, are keen on the coming fun, and between the lawns the hamper that the hungry soul will joyfully greet in the interval lies snugly stowed away. They are a merry company, and if only their enthusiasm will allow them to keep outside the posts, and to restrain a vagrom oar from spoiling the leader's chance in the hard row in Henley Bridge, they will deserve a bright sun and a cloudless sky, till the voice of the banjo is heard floating over the darkening waters.

PHOTOGRAPHING A DOG

THE troubles of the amateur photographer have often been told, but I never remember seeing anything about the troubles of a professional one. My sketch represents one of them, and my experience is, the smaller the dog, the bigger the trouble, and somehow, as all photographers know, whenever an extra troublesome subject turns up, or one that is only "passing through," or going abroad, so that you cannot get a re-sitting, the best pose or expression is sure to be a bad plate, or something. Of course the professional photographer never admits that. He always suavely blames the sitter. I heard not a bad story in connection therewith. A certain photographer here was photographing a family group. He posed them nicely, told them to smile sweetly, and then, "Thank you, that will do." Retiring to develop the plate, he found he had forgotten to draw the shutter. So the plate was, of course, a blank. Emerging from the dark room with another plate, he said, with true professional assurance, "he would just take another, as one of the children had moved." "Which?" inquired the father. "That one," said the unabashed, pointing to the nearest. The unfortunate urchin was whipped up by the stern parent, and spanked within an inch of his life. History has not recorded what the photographer did. W.R.

NOTE.—Our portrait of Sir Edwin Chadwick is from a photograph by Done and Ball, 12, Baker Street, W.; that of Mr. Duncan, M.P., from a photograph by Barraud's, 92, Bold Street, Liverpool.



IT IS HOPE that the first instalment of 35,000/- towards the needed 250,000/- for the Church House will shortly be raised. The Bishop of London has suggested that the Church House Corporation should increase the number of its members, and raise the amount required out of their subscriptions.

IT IS SAID that the Deanery of Manchester has been offered to Archdeacon Farrar, but that the Archdeacon has not yet decided whether to accept or decline the offer.

THE ARCHBISHOP OF CANTERBURY intends to present the Rev. Archibald Parry, eldest son of the late Suffragan Bishop of Dover, to the Rectory of Sundridge, which will shortly be vacated by the Rev. Egerton Hammond.

CANON LEEKE, Chancellor of Lincoln, has been appointed Divinity Lecturer in Pastoral Theology for the next year at Cambridge.

AT THE CLOSE OF THE ANNUAL CONFERENCE of the Catholic Truth Society at Birmingham last week, a message was read from the Pope encouraging the Society to persevere in its work. A deputation from the Conference, headed by the Roman Catholic Bishop of Salford, afterwards waited upon Cardinal Newman at the Oratory.

DR. WOODLOCK, the Roman-Catholic Bishop of Ardagh, has written a letter to Mr. Balfour, resigning his position as Senator of the Royal University of Ireland as a protest against what he considers to be the continued neglect of the interests of Ireland in respect of University Education.

IT IS EXPECTED THAT DR. HAROLD BROWNE, Bishop of Winchester, will shortly resign. The Bishop has gained strength since his recent illness, but he is now in his eightieth year, and it is feared that he might suffer a third paralytic attack were he to resume the active duties of his See.

DR. LIDDELL has been confined to his rooms in Oxford by a severe attack of illness since his return from Lord Carnarvon's funeral. Sir Henry Acland is in attendance on the Canon.

ON MONDAY LAST, being the feast of St. Thomas à Becket, a pilgrimage was made to Canterbury by some three hundred Roman Catholics. Most of the pilgrims journeyed from and to London by train, and among them were twenty priests. A short service was held at the church of St. Thomas in Burgate Street, and then the pilgrims were conducted over the Cathedral. At half-past five a "Pilgrimage Service" was held in the Roman Catholic church, and in the evening the pilgrims returned to London by train.

THE REV. DR. HERMAN ADLER, the acting Chief Rabbi, on Tuesday last remitted to the Lord Mayor the sum of 683/- 4s. 1d., which is the sum total of the collections made for the Hospital Sunday Fund in the Metropolitan synagogues under his pastoral care.

MONSIGNOR BOULON, formerly Vicar-Apostolic in Canada, has been sent by the American Episcopal Church, a body he joined some few years ago, to join Father Hyacinthe in Paris.

THE LORD PRESIDENT OF THE COUNCIL has appointed the Rev. Thomas Wetherhead Sharpe, one of Her Majesty's Chief Inspectors of Schools, to the newly-created post of Senior Chief Inspector.

THE CROWN LIVING of Full Sutton, near York, has been conferred by the Lord Chancellor upon the Rev. J. S. Davidson, Curate of Lastingham, York.



THE OPERA.—There have been no additions during the week to the operatic repertory, the whole available time being taken up with rehearsals of *Esmeralda*, which is now announced for Saturday of this week, and of M. Ambroise Thomas's *Hamlet*, which, with M. Lassalle in the titular character, Madame Melba as Ophelia, and Madame Richard as the Queen, will be performed in the course of next week. On Saturday occurred the first disappointment of the season. The voice of M. Jean de Reszke, tired with frequent rehearsals and performances of arduous parts, temporarily gave way, and as no other tenor in the company knew the music of Jean de Leyde, the performance of *Le Prophète* was postponed, and *Faust*, with Madames Melba and Scalchi, MM. Ravelli, Winogradow, and Edouard de Reszke, was played instead.

The Carl Rosa Opera Company will begin their provincial tour on August 4th at Plymouth, proceeding thence on August 11th to the Winter Gardens, Southport, and a week afterwards com-

THE GRAPHIC

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mencing a prolonged season in Ireland. The first works to be mounted are Balie's *Talisman* and Bizet's *Pearl Fishers*, both of which were promised last year. Afterwards, though not before the company begin their annual season at Liverpool at the New Year, Macfarren's *She Stoops to Conquer* will be revived, and a revised English version of Meyerbeer's *Le Prophète* will be produced. Certain changes will take place in the company, as Miss Fanny Moody (who on Saturday last became Mrs. Charles Manners), Messrs. Wilfred Esmond, Celli, and Payne Clarke have left the troupe, which has been already reinforced by the engagements of Signor Runcio, and Miss Lucille Saunders. The provincial company, this year, will also include a small choir of boys, who will take the parts originally written for boys in *Carmen*, but which in the country have hitherto been either sung by female voices or altogether omitted.

PIANOFORTE RECITALS.—The pianoforte-recital season is now almost over. A list has been drawn up of the various pianists who have this summer visited us. They number in all seventy-two; and as many have given three, four, or more recitals each, the number of performances have been almost unprecedented. Out of the seventy-two players, it seems that twenty-two pianists have, during the present season, made their *début* in this country. The last of the new-comers this season will probably be a new juvenile prodigy, Master Max Hambourg, who was born on August 1st, 1880, in South Russia, and is a pupil of his father, a professor at the Moscow Conservatoire. He will make his first appearance on Saturday of this week.

ORCHESTRAL CONCERTS.—The last Richter Concert but one was given on Monday. The programme included Wagner's *Faust* overture, and the selection made for concert purposes by Dr. Richter some years ago of various excerpts from the *Nibelung's Ring*, besides the scene before Hans Sachs' shop in the second act of *Die Meistersinger*, in which Mr. and Mrs. Henschel took part respectively as Eva and Sachs. The principal item of the programme was, however, Dvorak's Fourth Symphony in G, produced last April, and now heard for the second time in England. It undoubtedly improves upon acquaintance, particularly as to the opening movement, which at the first hearing appeared somewhat involved and obscure, and as to the rural scherzo and a *finale* which is intended to depict a sort of Czechist village merry-making.

Mr. Isidore de Lara last week gave an orchestral concert to celebrate his return to London professional life, after having studied dramatic singing for six months under M. Maurel in Paris. Mr. de Lara gave a very vigorous reading of the difficult "Credo" of Iago from Verdi's *Oello*, in which the fact was amply demonstrated that he has studied very closely the style and method of M. Maurel. Such music was, however, almost beyond his physical powers, and he was heard to far better advantage in a duet, sung with Miss Ella Russell, from his own setting of scenes from Sir Edwin Arnold's *Light of Asia*. The orchestra was conducted by Signor Mancinelli, portions of whose oratorio, *Isaías*, were given.

Herr Bonawitz, on Saturday, gave an orchestral concert at Prince's Hall for the purpose of introducing his new *Stabat Mater*. The work appears to be melodious and musically, although perhaps more dramatic than devotional. It presents few difficulties to the choir, but unfortunately the chorus employed on Saturday was numerically too small, while three of the numbers, in which a quartet (and in one instance a double quartet) of soloists took part, were unwise entrusted to amateurs. The programme opened with the *Ruy Blas* overture, and it also included an introduction and scherzo for pianoforte and orchestra, also by Herr Bonawitz, the composer himself playing the pianoforte part.

CONCERTS, VARIOUS.—In aid of the Morfa Colliery Fund, a hundred Welsh lady vocalists and twenty Welsh lady pianists (who played upon ten Bechstein grand pianos) came to London last week and gave a performance at St. James's Hall of Mr. Roeckel's cantata *Westward Ho!* followed by a miscellaneous selection. The choir, which contains some bright, fresh voices, has been thoroughly trained under the direction of Mrs. Clara Novello Davies, a professor from Cardiff, who directed the performance. A female conductor, though rare in London, is by no means an absolute novelty. Lady Folkestone, Madame Trebelli, and many others have successfully wielded the baton, while those who seek an older precedent might find one recorded in Pepys's "Diary."

Mr. John Thomas, harpist to the Queen, gave his annual concert last week. His programme contained a large quantity of harp music, in which Mr. Thomas himself and a number of his pupils took part, and a trio in F minor for harp, violin, and violoncello, attributed to Spohr, although it contains few of the characteristics of that composer's music.

At Miss Sherwin's concert on Monday, the Australian vocalist was somewhat out of voice, but she nevertheless gave an excellent rendering of a pretty song, "I Love Thee So," composed by Sir William Robinson, Governor of Western Australia. Successful debuts were made by M. Mlynarski, a Russian violinist of the brilliant school, and by Herr Bast, a thoroughly competent violoncellist, while among the pianists were Herr Denhof and M. Jozefowicz.

Concerts have likewise been given by the Royal College Students, Madame Mary Cummings, Miss Adela Vernon, Mdlle. Gabrielle Vaillant, Mr. Malcolm Lawson, Mdlle. Jane de Vigne, Messrs. Ludwig and Whitehouse, Mdlle. Jeanne Douste, the Trinity College Students, and others.

NOTES AND NEWS.—Madame Patti's last concert this season on the 16th has been postponed from the afternoon till the evening.—The National Eisteddfod of Wales will take place at Bangor on September 2nd.—Sir John Stainer and Dr. Phillip Armes have been appointed examiners in music to the University of Durham. The first examination will be held on September 25th.—Frau Cosima Wagner, the widow of the composer, and daughter of Liszt, is shortly expected on a visit to London.—The foundation-stone of the new Royal College of Music at Queen's Gate, the cost of which, amounting to 45,000/-, has munificently been contributed by Mr. Sampson Fox, was laid by the Prince of Wales on Tuesday. The assemblage included many eminent musicians; but the music was confined to Beethoven's overture, "The Consecration of the House," Dr. Hubert Parry's now popular ode, "Blest Pair of Sirens," and the National Anthem. In the last Madame Nordica sang the solo; but the rest of the music was performed by the orchestra and choir of the Royal College.—On Saturday and Monday the splendid band of the Garde Républicaine, coming specially from Paris, gave performances in the grounds of the French Exhibition at Earl's Court.



ATTEMPTS TO SWIM THE NIAGARA RAPIDS generally begin at this season. A foolish American tried his luck in the whirlpool on Saturday, but when he reached the rapids the breakers dashed him against the rocks, and washed him ashore close to the spot where Captain Webb perished. He was only bruised a little by the rocks.

EMPEROR WILLIAM is studying Russian with much zeal, and hopes to be able to converse fluently with the Czar at their coming meeting. When Crown Prince he attended the Russian course at the Military Academy, and gained an elementary knowledge of the language. His Majesty's dislike to the use of French terms being so well known, King Christian of Denmark arranged that all the menus should be drawn up in Danish during the Emperor's recent stay at Fredensborg.



A NIGHT SERVICE OF TRAM CARS has been organised in New York for the benefit of the 10,000 persons employed in night-work throughout the city.

AN ELECTRIC RAILWAY has been opened at Rome. It runs from the Porto del Popolo to the Ponte Molle, two miles beyond the gates, and is of English manufacture.

OSTRICH FARMING IN SOUTH AUSTRALIA is becoming a most profitable undertaking. One farm alone at Port Augusta contains 700 birds, worth 14,000/-, and the yield of feathers this season averages 2/- per bird.

THE ROYAL MILITARY EXHIBITION AT CHELSEA is a great pecuniary success. The profits amount to 800/- or 900/- every week, so that by the end of this month the building debt of nearly 9,000/- will be paid off, and all subsequent profit will go to army charitable institutions.

BEING PHOTOGRAPHED perpetually is one of the penalties of Royalty, and the Duke of Clarence and Avondale underwent far more than his share during his recent Indian visit. At Agra alone he was photographed seventeen times officially, besides enduring many amateur snap-shots whenever he appeared in public.

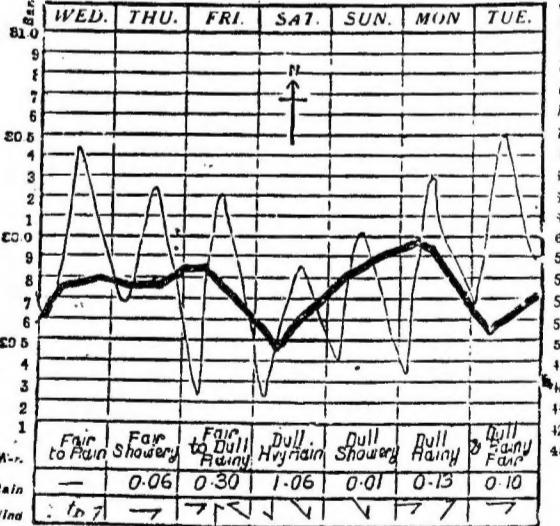
THE ZOOLOGICAL GARDENS now contain a specimen of the old English wild cattle—a fine young bull from Charlton Park, Staffordshire. The race has been kept up at Charlton since the thirteenth century, when the Park was separated from Needwood Forest, where the wild cattle abounded. The present specimen is the first ever included in the Regent's Park collection, and resembles the well-known breed at Chillingham.

RICHMOND will hold high festival on the 23rd to celebrate the incorporation of the town as a municipal borough. The Charter, which has just been granted by the Queen, will be brought down from Whitehall in a carriage and four, with postillions, and received by a guard of honour at the entrance to the town. Thence a procession of the local authorities, official visitors from London, military bands, fire brigades, friendly societies, Volunteers, &c., intend to escort the important document to the Green, where the Charter will be read solemnly, and "God Save the Queen" sung. The procession will next adjourn to the Deer Park for a *fête*, including military displays, fire drill, and a war-balloon ascent, while a banquet and fireworks will close the entertainment.

PATRIOTISM still binds the Poles closely together, though they may be scattered under the rule of various Sovereigns. Thus, the national sentiment produced a wonderful demonstration when the remains of the Polish national poet Mickiewicz were interred last week in Cracow, after resting for over twenty years in Paris. Though the Austrian authorities forbade the Polish revolutionary flag in the procession, ample latitude was granted in every other respect, while the Czar permitted the inhabitants of Russian Poland to attend without any restriction. Cracow was crammed for the ceremony, and the streets looked most picturesque, with crowds of Polish nobles in the national costume, gay with velvets, furs, jewels, and feathers, students in the high fur-edged Polish cap, and peasants in the brightest hues. Polish residents in all parts of the Continent sent delegations, while flags, banners, and wreaths abounded. The peasants' tribute was most picturesque, each man carrying a device in wheat-ears forming a letter, so that when properly arranged the inscription ran, "The Polish nation to its greatest poet." Mickiewicz's remains were escorted by the procession to the Cathedral on the Wawel, where lie many Polish Kings, and after a Funeral Service, performed by the Prince Archbishop of Cracow, the coffin was placed in a vault with those of such national heroes as John Sobieski, Kosciusko, and Poniatowski.

WEATHER CHART

FOR THE WEEK ENDING TUESDAY, JULY 8, 1890



EXPLANATION.—The thick line shows the variations in the height of the barometer during the week ending Tuesday midnight (8th inst.). The thin line shows the shade temperature for the same interval, and gives the maximum and minimum readings for each day, with the (approximate) time at which they occurred. The information is furnished to us by the Meteorological Office.

REMARKS.—The weather of the past week has again been unsettled and rainy in all parts of the United Kingdom. Thunderstorms have been reported from Central and Northern England. Rainfall has been very heavy at times in many parts of the country. Pressure distribution has been of a cyclonic character throughout the week. At the beginning of the time depressions were found in the neighbourhood of Scandinavia, or off our East Coasts, and later on one (of distinct importance for the time of year), moved from our South-West Coasts along the Channel, while finally another moved in from the Atlantic across Ireland to Southern Scotland. The effects of these unsteady barometrical conditions were to produce very changeable, dull, cool, and rainy weather in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom. The winds varied a good deal in direction, but were mostly from between North and West. The most important disturbance of the week was that which travelled Eastwards along the Channel in the course of Friday and Saturday (4th and 5th inst.). This system produced cold, dull weather, strong Easterly to Northerly breezes, and very heavy rainfall at most of the Southern and South-Western Stations. After Friday (4th inst.) the largest daily aggregates of rainfall somewhat frequently exceeded an inch in widely divergent parts of the Country, while in Kent (Sittingbourne) on Saturday (5th inst.) more than 3.5 inches were measured in about fourteen hours. Temperature has been decidedly low in nearly all parts of the United Kingdom. The highest daily readings just touched 70° over the extreme Southern parts of England at the beginning of the time, but were frequently as low as 65° or less in many parts of the Country.

The barometer was highest (29.06 inches) on Monday (7th inst.); lowest (29.48 inches) on Saturday (5th inst.); range 0.48 inch.

The temperature was highest (69°) on Wednesday and Tuesday (2nd and 3rd inst.); lowest (65°) on Friday and Saturday (4th and 5th inst.); range 24°.

Rain fell on six days. Total amount 1.66 inch. Greatest fall on any one day 1.05 inch on Saturday (5th inst.).



THE TURF.—A brief mention of the July Sales at Newmarket will be found among "Our Illustrations." The racing at head-quarters last week was very interesting. Baron Rothschild, who is having a very good year, won the July Stakes with Beauharnais, and Mr. J. H. Houldsworth the Zetland Plate with Ponza; while L'Abbesse de Jouarre, Morion, and Idesleigh were among the other winners. Bumptious failed to win the Bottisham Plate, in which Mephisto turned the tables on him, but he added the Plantation Stakes to his credit.—An unfortunate *contretemps* took place in the Cumberland Plate at Carlisle last week. Tyrant was made favourite, and justified expectations by securing an exciting race from Mr. Burton's Barmecide. It was immediately discovered, however, that the race had not been properly started, and it had to be run all over again. This time Tyrant was nowhere, and Barmecide won at his ease.—At Kempton Park we may note the victories of Sir F. Johnstone's Fuse in the Grand Two-Year-Old Stakes, of Deuce of Clubs in the Princess of Wales's Stakes, and of St. Cyr in the International Two-Year-Old Race.—The Zetland Plate at Leicester fell to Cereza, who, by the way, was disqualified for the Hurstbourne Stakes at Stockbridge, owing to her having carried wrong weight. The Midland Derby fell to Harfleur, and the Portland Plate to Mr. Houldsworth's Orvieto, the favourite, Peter Flower, being second.—For the St. Leger Sainfoin, Memoir, and Heaume are about in equal demand, while Workington and Father Confessor share favouritism for the Liverpool Cup.

CRICKET.—The two matches between Gentlemen and Players, at the Oval and Lord's, have been decided since we last wrote. In the first match the professionals, chiefly owing to the good bowling of Lohmann and Briggs, scored the victory by nine wickets; but, at Lord's, the good batting of Messrs. Cranston, Read, and Shuter, and the tricky bowling of Mr. Steel, who signalled his reappearance in first-class cricket by taking five wickets in the first innings at a cost of only 13 runs, might have enabled the amateurs to turn the tables, had not rain put an end to the game. The Australians have won a match! It seems odd to be recording such an occurrence as a curiosity, but it is a fact that their victory over an "England Eleven" was the first for ten matches. Since then, however, they have played another draw with Leicestershire, which has always proved dangerous to Colonial teams. Yorkshire, with three of their best men away, have succumbed both to Warwickshire and Derbyshire. Poor Sussex has endured crushing defeats at the hands of Lancashire (Briggs 129) and Kent.

LAWN TENNIS.—Although much interfered with by rain the Championship Tournament at Wimbledon was productive of some very good sport. Seldom, indeed, has there been a closer struggle for the Singles. First H. S. Barlow beat the Irishman, Chaytor, by three sets to two; then, by a similar margin, Barlow fell before W. J. Hamilton, another representative of the Green Isle; and finally Hamilton repeated his score against W. Renshaw, and so for the first time secured the Championship. This was Renshaw's first defeat in the Championship round. He held it from 1881 to 1887, when an injured arm compelled him to retire; and though, in 1888, he was beaten early in the competition, he recovered his laurels last year, after a desperately exciting match with Barlow. The Ladies' Singles fell to Miss Rice, Mrs. Hillyard, the holder, retiring.

ROWING.—Some remarks upon Henley will be found among "Our Illustrations." For an account of the racing we must wait till next week.—Perkins, one of our few remaining professional oarsmen with any pretensions to fame, has defeated Norvell, the North-country sculler.

POLO.—The Regimental Cup at Hurlingham was won, for the second year in succession, by the Ninth Lancers.



A CASE OF SOME INTEREST TO THE MUSICAL WORLD was decided before Mr. Justice Grantham last week. Dr. Bradford, organist at the Royal Naval School, composed an oratorio named *Judith* in 1887, and arranged to have a committee and guarantors as to the expenses. The oratorio was not a commercial success, and Messrs. Stanley Lucas, Weber, and Co. now sued to recover 69. 17s. 6d., the balance due to them for bringing out the work. The question in dispute was whether it was the defendant or his committee who were to be looked to for payment. The jury found a verdict for the plaintiffs for the amount claimed.

AT THE NORTHAMPTON ASSIZES, on Saturday, Henry Norton, *alias* Lee or Cripps, was sentenced to seven years' penal servitude for a murderous attack on a warden with a hammer when attempting to escape from Northampton Gaol in February last.

IT has been frequently stated that drunkenness is no excuse for crime; but occasionally it seems to act—like the possession of a mother in France—as a mitigating circumstance. At the Surrey Sessions, Guildford, last Saturday, a woman named Fanny McLean was indicted for attempting to murder her daughter, aged two years and four months, in May last. It was stated that the woman gave way to drink; and the doctor gave it as his opinion that, at the time she cut the child's throat, she was suffering from the effects of a heavy drinking bout. The jury returned a verdict of "Guilty of unlawful wounding," and the judge passed a sentence of nine months' hard labour.

AT CLONMEL SESSIONS, on Saturday, the Tipperary Grand Jury awarded to Acting-Sergeant McCarth, R.I.C., 400/- for injuries he received from a mob at Cashel; 200/- to Constable Bernard Maguire for injuries received at Cashel; and 150/- to Constable William Cashel for injuries received while on duty near Clonmel. None of the applications were opposed.

THE CASE OF RICHARDSON *v.* WERTHEIMER was concluded on Monday last before Mr. Justice Charles and a special jury. After an hour and ten minutes consultation the jury found that the plaintiff had not proved his case. They therefore held that the signatures of Mr. Wertheimer and Lady Dunle were forgeries.

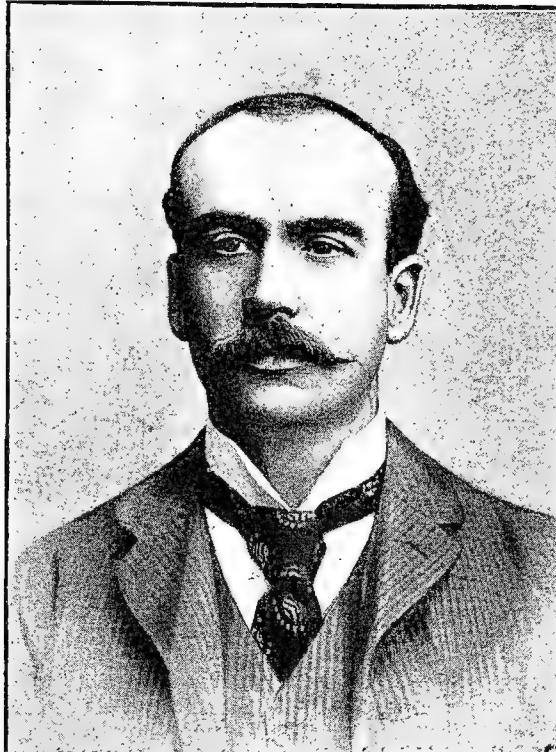
SOME SENSATIONAL EVIDENCE was given last Tuesday before the Children's Life Insurance Bill Committee by Mr. Justice Wills, who said he spoke not only for himself but for other Judges. He said that no one who sat in the criminal Courts in Lancashire, Yorkshire, Warwickshire, and other Northern and Midland counties could doubt that there was a considerable amount of neglect and cruelty practised towards children. He had no doubt, after making every allowance which justice and charity suggested, that many children in this country were starved to death by their parents. The percentage of people to whom his remarks applied might be very small, but in the aggregate the number was very large. In cross-examination he said it would be affectation to doubt that there was an abundance of parents in this country who would starve their children for a crown-piece. Mr. Justice Day confirmed the statements of Mr. Justice Wills.



THE SPIRIT OF INDISCIPLINE—or unwhippedness, as it has been termed—which is cankering English manliness has been rampant during the week. The agitation among the police, which broke out afresh on Saturday night, culminated in the disgraceful scene at Bow Street on Monday evening, and in the instant dismissal of more than forty of the misguided constables. It is said that the police who refused to obey orders were chiefly young constables, and that the older men, who have qualified for pensions, are content to ventilate their grievances by lawful methods.

THE POLLING AT BARROW last week resulted in the return of Mr. J. A. Duncan, the Gladstonian candidate, by a majority of 132 over Mr. Wainwright, the Conservative, while Mr. W. S. Caine was at the bottom of the poll.

MR. JAMES ARCHIBALD DUNCAN, of Gayton Hall, Neston, Cheshire, is the eldest son of the late Mr. David Duncan by marriage with Catharine, eldest daughter of the late Mr. Archibald Williamson, of Anstruther, Fifeshire. Mr. J. A. Duncan was born



MR. JAMES A. DUNCAN
The New M.P. for Barrow

in 1858, and was educated at Cambridge, where he took the degrees of M.A. and LL.B. He is also a barrister of the Inner Temple. His family are largely engaged in business at Liverpool as merchants and shipowners.

SIR EDWIN CHADWICK, the famous Sanitarian, whose death took place on Saturday last at his residence, Park Cottage, East Sheen, was born near Manchester on January 24th, 1801, and was consequently in his ninetieth year. After leaving school, he began to study law, but soon turned his attention to hygiene. In 1828 he published an article on life assurance in the *Westminster Review*, and, having attracted the notice of Lord Grey, was made an Assistant Commissioner to inquire into the working of the Poor



SIR EDWIN CHADWICK, K.C.B.

Law, in 1833. Mr Chadwick's report soon became a classic, and as a reward for his labours he was appointed Secretary of the new Poor Law Board. In 1848 he was made a Commissioner of the General Board of Health, and when, in 1854, a change was made in the Board, he retired with the C.B. and a pension. He lived for over a quarter of a century after his retirement, but the whole of his unofficial life was occupied in working incessantly in the cause of sanitary science. Early last year Her Majesty created Sir Edwin Chadwick a K.C.B.

THE TELEGRAPH CLERKS are still determined, if no satisfactory reply is made to the petition presented with regard to their grievances three months ago, to decline all overtime. In con-

sequence of this threat, the officials have taken steps to obtain the assistance of all female telegraphists who, in accordance with the rules of the service, left the Government upon their marriage. The heads of the Postal Telegraph Department are resolved to avoid, if possible, any inconvenience to the public which might arise from the proposed action of the men.

THE POSTMEN have made an agreement with the Trades Council to take no further steps until twelve days have elapsed, but in view of the possible strike of postmen the authorities at the General Post-Office have written to the large supernumerary staff annually engaged to deal with the Christmas letters, to ask them if they will accept temporary employment at Christmas season terms. Other arrangements are also being made by the authorities to fill up the places of disaffected men should there be a strike. Meanwhile, the men suspended on Friday last have been reinstated without conditions, and without stoppage of pay.

SOMETHING VERY LIKE A MUTINY occurred at the Wellington Barracks on Monday last, when the 2nd battalion of the Grenadier Guards refused to turn out at half-past eight in the morning for a kit inspection in heavy marching order. The men complain of useless drills and unnecessary inspections, and when Colonel Maitland addressed them there was a good deal of hooting and hissing. Great concern is felt that such an unfortunate event should have occurred in one of the Household battalions, but there is no reason to anticipate trouble in the other Guards' battalions, or to doubt that the present disaffection will quickly pass away after proper inquiry.

THE GAS STOKERS' STRIKE at Leeds ended last week in the defeat of the Town Council, and in the adoption of an arrangement very favourable to the stokers. The authorities have had to send back the men from other towns whom they had engaged to take the places of the strikers.

THE LAST OF THE COAL DUES, which have been paid in London from time immemorial, was received on last Saturday night. The dues were to have expired on July 5th in last year, but a rate of fourpence per ton was allowed by Parliament to be levied for another year in order to pay off the deficiency still remaining on the Holborn Valley improvements.

A PARLIAMENTARY PAPER has been issued containing a return of the number of convicts now in penal servitude. Of those who have served not more than five years there are 4,227; of those who have served between five and ten years, 1,031; between ten and fifteen years, 193; and more than fifteen years, 63; the total number of convicts now in penal servitude being 5,514.

ON MONDAY, the smelters employed at the Bolton Iron and Steel Works struck work against a proposed reduction in their wages of ten per cent. The employers say that since the beginning of the year prices in the steel trade have fallen fifty per cent., and that the proposed reduction is only a return to rates paid up to January last.

ON WEDNESDAY some seventy non-union postmen were assaulted and turned out of the Parcel Post Depot at Mount Pleasant, Clerkenwell. Free fights are said to have taken place, but nobody was injured. The interior of the General Post Office is described as being in a state of chaos, and non-Union men are working under the protection of a strong force of police.

OUR OBITUARY includes the deaths of General George Wynne, Colonel-Commandant Royal Engineers; of Sir Croker Barrington, of Glenstal Castle, Limerick; of General George De Saumarez, Madras Infantry, at Saumarez Manor, St. Martin's, Guernsey; of Lady Pender, second wife of Sir John Pender; of Major Augustus Norther, J.P., D.L., at his residence, 61, Eaton Square; of Colonel the Honourable H. A. Cole, second son of the second Earl of Enniskillen, aged eighty-two; of the Rev. Thomas Helmore, M.A., Priest in Ordinary to Her Majesty's Chapels Royal; and of the Very Reverend Dr. John West, late Dean of St. Patrick's, on Saturday morning last, at his residence, Marine Terrace, Bray, aged eighty-four years. He was Registrar of the Order of St. Patrick, and one of the oldest clergymen in the Church of Ireland.

LONDON MORTALITY increased last week. The deaths numbered 1,481, against 1,346 during the previous seven days, being an increase of 135, and at the rate of 17·5 per 1,000. Fatalities from measles remain very high, and reached 100—43 above the average, although a decrease of 1. There were 57 deaths from whooping-cough.



MESSRS. PIT AND HATZFELD.—A simple and unpretentious sacred song for soprano solo and chorus is "God's Peace is Peace Eternal," music by Edvard Grieg, words arranged by the Rev. H. H. Woodward.—In a compact and portable form, with a clear type, we have Halfdan Kjerulff's songs with German and English words, the four books in one. There is a varied choice in these twenty-one songs. Noteworthy amongst the contents of this volume are "Sohnsucht" ("The Nightingale"), the words translated from the German of Christian Winter by Constance Bache; "Abendstimmung" ("The Princess"), by Bj. Björnson; "Am dunkeln See" ("On the Dark Lake"), by H. Wergeland; "Klein Venevil" ("Young Venevil"), Bj. Björnson; and "In der Ferne" ("In Exile"), by Klette.—"Album of Six Songs," with German and English words, music by the clever young composer Benno Schönberger, is of the same pleasing type as the above. Nos. 1 and 2, "Ich hör Meinen Schatz" ("My Lover I Hear") and "So soll Ich dich nun Meiden" ("O, is it Thus We Part, Love?"), are Uhland's charming poems; Nos. 3 and 4, "Lehn' deine Wang" ("O, Lay Thy Cheek") and "Ich will Meine Seele Tauchen" ("My Soul with its Tender Sorrow"), are by the gifted poet Heine.—"Braun's Album of Six Songs" is a meet companion for the above. The words are, Nos. 1 and 2, "Love's Philosophy" and "I Fear Thy Kisses" (Shelley), "There be None of Beauty's Daughters" (Lord Byron), "The Magic Harp" (Charles Mackay), "Major" and "Minor," by R. S. Standen.—Volume II. of Franz Chopin's "Pianoforte Werke," revised and fingered by Carl Mikuli, contains four of the grandest and best-known *impromptus* by this celebrated composer: "Allegro assai quasi Presto" (Op. 29), "Andantino" (Op. 36), "Allegro Vivace" (Op. 51), and "Allegro Agitato" (Op. 66). In a well-written preface to this volume Carl Mikuli gives some interesting particulars as to Chopin's method of giving his lessons. Being one of the favourite and devoted pupils of the gifted and highly-sensitive master, Mikuli was well calculated for the onerous task of revising, which he carried out so successfully. A more acceptable present could not well be offered to a student of cultivated taste than these four *impromptus*.—A group of charming pieces for the pianoforte is "España," by J. Albeniz. These six dainty *morceaux* will well repay the trouble of committing them to memory.—"Danse Hongroise," by Fritz Kirchner, six duets for the pianoforte, are sure of a welcome in the home circle, as they are sprightly and melodious.—Two pretty and not difficult pianoforte pieces, which will be popular both in the schoolroom and the drawing-room, are "La Petite Fileuse" and "Lullaby," by Herbert F. Sharpe.



MR. STANLEY'S WEDDING—MISS DOROTHY TENNANT, THE BRIDE-ELECT
FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY HER SISTER, MRS. F. W. H. MYERS



THE JULY SALES AT NEWMARKET—A SKETCH IN TATTERSALL'S SALE PADDOCK



DRAWN BY PERCY MACQUOID

She rose to her feet, and holding her glass high, said in a clear thrilling voice, "À l'ami inconnu!"

"MADAME LEROUX"

"Too early seen unknown, and known too late."—ROMEO AND JULIET.

By FRANCES ELEANOR TROLLOPE,

AUTHOR OF "AUNT MARGARET'S TROUBLES," "AMONG ALIENS," "LIKE SHIPS UPON THE SEA," "THAT UNFORTUNATE MARRIAGE," &c.

CHAPTER LI.

MILDRED'S simple wisdom had produced more effect on Rushmore than worldly-wise persons might have anticipated.

It happens sometimes that the commonplace and common-sensible view of a case is a little neglected, merely because we will not condescend to attend to it. And thus, what is traditionally supposed to be obvious to every one, is practically neither recognisable nor acted upon.

But although he accepted—and, as far as he could, reconciled himself with—the inevitable, the lingering bitterness in Rushmore's heart towards Caroline not only remained, but increased. When, immediately upon his return to London from Enderby Court, he spoke to Zephyany about what had passed there, this bitterness transpired. By a singular turn of fate, Zephyany—so short a time ago a mere stranger to him—was now the only person with whom he could talk, with absolute unreserve, of Caroline. Not satisfied with well justified indignation against her later conduct, he threw upon her the whole weight of blame from the beginning; not explicitly, not, perhaps, even consciously, but he would say, "All the troubles that have come upon me and the innocent girl are due to that woman—all! You must acknowledge that, Zephyany."

And the result of these appeals was to draw forth some home-truths from that unconventional Oriental.

"Sir," said Zephyany, bending his brows, and speaking with a certain breadth of gesture and solemnity of emphasis, which were natural to him under the influence of feeling, "you give me your confidence; I cannot repay it by smooth falsities. When you first knew Caroline Leroux, you were, I take it, a man of six-and-twenty, while she was, you have told me, a very young and inexperienced girl. You—not the woman only—indulged the passion of your youth. Oh, I know—I know. You meant to make amends! You have suffered—you have been deceived. For me, I regard you, and esteem you, and have reason to be grateful to you; but, truth is adamantine, and remains. Lucy's mother abandoned her; but you—Have you done her no wrong?"

It was honourable to Rushmore that this plain-speaking never turned his wrath against Zephyany. And then the latter's view of Lucy's engagement was comforting. He pointed out all that was cheerful in the circumstances of the case, and strenuously kept Rushmore's attention on the sunny side.

The evening of Rushmore's arrival in London, Zephyany was unable to remain with him as long as either of them would have wished, as he was bidden to a supper party given at a restaurant

by Mr. Harrington Jersey. This entertainment was intended as a farewell on the part of Jersey to his bachelorhood. For that lively bard of the tea-kettle had won a bride with a fortune which him was wealth.

"A countrywoman of my own! A daughter of Erin!" said Jersey, with an extra touch of the brogue assumed for the occasion. The lady, however, had no brogue, and might have been more correctly described as a granddaughter of Erin, since she had been born at Liverpool of Irish parents. She was the widow of a thriving ship's chandler in that port. But, to Mr. Frampton Fennell's great disgust, she was neither ugly nor elderly—either of which circumstances would have sufficed to counterbalance Jersey's unmerited good luck. Mr. Fennell felt, with some bitterness, that it was part of the general decadence and dislocation indicated by the degraded condition of the press that such a fellow as Jersey, whose trivial lucubrations had been received with sickening indulgence, should have drawn such a matrimonial prize.

He had been presented, at his own request, to Mrs. Hopkins (the future Mrs. Harrington Jersey was so called), and was fond of descanting afterwards on that lady's astonishing illiberality and want of culture. "I told her," he would say, addressing his audience from his favourite commanding position on the hearthrug, "that Jersey's rhymes would not be worth the paper they were printed on in any community where the art of criticism had attained even a rudimentary development, and—would you believe it?—the woman became angry! Positively rude and angry! and wanted to quarrel with me. I confess that to me that sort of thing is inconceivable—frankly inconceivable!"

But notwithstanding his bride-elect's blindness to the beauty and value of impartial criticism, and notwithstanding his own narrow-minded objection to be told that his literary efforts inspired contempt and disgust in every enlightened mind, Harrington Jersey had invited Frampton Fennell to the farewell supper.

Mrs. Hopkins was not present; neither her experiences nor her education being calculated to enable her to shine in such an assembly. But one or two ladies were invited, of whom Madame Leroux was the only one these pages are concerned with.

None of those present, with the single exception of Zephyany, were aware of her husband's recent death. She wore no sign of mourning in her dress or on her face. And, save for a suggestion of recklessness given by the more unconcealed use of carmine on her cheeks and lips, as well as by the wild brilliancy of her spirits, she was, to all outward seeming, the Caroline Leroux of a year ago.

Zephyany sat next to her at supper, and she said to him in a low

tone, under cover of a burst of laughter caused by a speech of her own, "Things go badly in Douro House, my friend. The debts are rising—rising like a tide. I have paid all that Etienne owed; but for the rest—" She finished her sentence by an expressive shrug and slight raising of the eyebrows.

"Is it so, madame?" returned Zephyany. "You must be careful. Debts cause scandal, and scandals are fatal to a *pension de demoiselle*."

"I think," replied Madamé, toying with her knife, "that old Schulze is ugly enough to inspire confidence in the most virtuous breast, and she knows the routine, and she has saved money. Yes; with Schulze *ça marchera*."

"Do you mean, then, to give up the school to Fräulein Schulze?" asked Zephyany, eyeing her intently.

"*Mais oui*. I think so."

"And you are going away then—far from the debts and the duns?" said Zephyany, in a still lower voice; for she seemed to be in one of her incalculable moods, and not unlikely to blurt out what it would be prudent to conceal.

She looked down fixedly at the table for half a minute before replying. Then she raised her eyes, full of singular brightness, to his, and said, with a frank, brilliant smile—

"Yes; I am going away. Why linger? I am tired of this farce—playing schoolmistress—prunes and prism. You know what that means? Of course, you know everything! Look at me, Zephyany—no; no compliments! Leave all that to—" her arch glance swept round the table, resting a moment on Fennell and on Jersey, before she added, "these sincere and sensible gentlemen. Look at me well. I am handsome, am I not?—frankly—come! Good! as handsome as last year? Good! still a charming woman? *C'est bien*! I am glad to be sure of it. You are honester than my looking-glass, because, after all, my mirror can only see with my eyes. Shake hands!"

She held out her ungloved, jewelled hand above the table before them all. Zephyany grasped it for a moment. Then she signed to the waiter to fill her glass with champagne, and cried, gaily—

"Jersey, I propose a toast. It is not your health nor your bride's; those will be honoured more worthily. This is a mysterious toast of my own, which I ask you to drink blindfold to-day. Are you ready?"

Laughingly, they all charged their glasses. She rose to her feet, and, holding her glass high, said, in a clear, thrilling voice, "À l'ami inconnu!" Then she put the wine to her lips, and sat down again, smiling.

"But the toast?" exclaimed Frampton Fennell, who had been

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waiting and watching her with his champagne glass in his hand and his eye glass tottering on his nose, and a bewildered expression, of countenance, which, in a person of less commanding intelligence, might have been thought rather foolish.

"The toast, my friend, is drunk," replied Madame Leroux.

"But who—what—? I didn't quite catch—?" stammered Fennell, divided between curiosity and unwillingness to confess that he had not understood.

"It means 'To the Unknown Friend.' And the unknown friend is—To-morrow. It is always To-morrow."

It was long past midnight before the party broke up, and to the last Madame Leroux was gay, brilliant, and charming.

"Isn't she wonderful?" murmured Frampton Fennell, in whose eyes Madame Leroux's fascinations possessed the crowning grace that she had never published anything—a distinction which, while, on the one hand, it secured his admiration from the dangerous test of hearing her publicly praised, on the other hand, lifted her above the vulgar herd who had done something with more or less inevitable imperfection, into the unassailable position of one who might have done anything.

"She's bewitching! I never saw the woman who could hold a candle to her," assented Harrington Jersey, with, it must be hoped, a temporary oblivion of the absent Mrs. Hopkins.

Madame was surrounded by a flattering crowd, eager to proffer their services—to put on her cloak—to conduct her to her carriage. But after an exchange of gay and jesting farewells, she took Zephyany's arm, and refused to allow the others to accompany her.

When she had entered her little brougham, and before it moved away, she took an amethyst ring from her finger, and putting it into Zephyany's hand, said quietly,

"Give this to little Fatima from me when you marry her."

Zephyany reddened like a boy, but looked steadily at her with a surprised, inquiring look.

"Oh," she continued, "I know you have a *tendresse* for the girl, *allez*. And now that this feather-headed Irishman is out of the way, she will learn to know where her true happiness lies. We don't believe in amulets, you and I. My ring won't hurt her. Let her wear it. Adieu!"

Then she gave the order to drive on, and was carried smoothly away down the long vista of converging lights into the darkness.

It was barely nine o'clock the next morning when a cab dashed up to the door of Douro House, and Zephyany alighting from it, rang violently at the bell, and demanded to speak at once with Madame Leroux.

"Madame is not up yet," said Fräulein Schulze, coming out into the hall, and blinking at him suspiciously. "She must not be disturbed."

"She *must* be disturbed!" answered Zephyany, with his most over-mastering vehemence. "I have just received a letter from her by the post. It is of the last importance. Go to her room. I take it on myself."

The force and momentum of his will were irresistible. A housemaid ran upstairs, followed more slowly by Fräulein Schulze. Zephyany paused an instant in the hall, quite motionless, with a look of keen suspense.

In a minute or two a cry rang through the house, and the girl came flying down, calling to Zephyany to come and see her mistress. With few bounds he was in the room—the luxurious, perfumed chamber, now dim in the bright daylight, with its down-drawn blinds. In perfect silence he advanced towards the bed, beside which the old Fräulein was standing, with an ashen-gray face, wringing her hands together; while the shrinking girl, divided between curiosity and terror, stood trembling and whimpering near the door.

Caroline lay there, pale and placid; her forehead showing marble white under the dark curling tendrils of hair, which strayed over it. Her eyes were softly closed, and her whole countenance calm as a sleeping child's.

But she was dead.

An empty bottle, that had contained chloral, stood on a table near her pillow. The servant and Fräulein Schulze both knew that she had been in the habit of taking it for sleeplessness. "I always thought it nasty dangerous stuff," whimpered the housemaid, "and she must have taken an overdose by mistake."

A messenger was instantly despatched for a doctor. But the Fräulein and Zephyany both knew that she was gone, past human power to recall.

"My God, how like her daughter!" murmured Zephyany to himself, as he stood looking down at the quiet face. He had never seen the resemblance before. But the informing spirit being withdrawn, the empty mask was seen in a new aspect.

"You say you had a letter from her this morning?" said Fräulein Schulze, in a dull, faint voice.

"Oh—on business. She was in money difficulties."

The Fräulein nodded significantly. "We should have had an execution in the house before the end of the week," she whispered. Then they both remained silent until the doctor's arrival.

A quarter of an hour later, Zephyany left the house; passing between groups of frightened, agitated girls in the hall. When he had gone a certain distance, he took a letter from his pocket, and tearing it into minute fragments, scattered it in the dust of the roadway. It was the letter he had received from Caroline that morning by the post, and which had startled him into rushing to her house, in the hope—a faint hope, for her last night's words and looks were terribly illuminated for him now—of being in time to save her.

The letter had contained merely these words: "Let them lay me near Etienne."

CHAPTER LII.

RUSHMORE had but just reached his country house, when a telegram from Zephyany recalled him to town to receive the tidings of Caroline's death.

The effect of it on him was, to Zephyany, unexpectedly severe. He was haunted for a long time by a superstitious kind of remorse; as though his desire for her removal had, in some occult way, fulfilled itself. And now he was to lose the daughter for whose sake he had wished Caroline dead!

One result of the shock he had received was to make him withdraw all opposition to Lucy's speedy marriage.

"Our home will be yours, you know," said Dick, trying to comfort him; for he attributed Rushmore's unusual depression to the prospect of parting from Lucy. And Lucy herself dwelt affectionately on the happy chance which had placed her father's house so near her new home.

But long months elapsed before Rushmore could shake off the strange feeling that Caroline's tragic death came between him and his child. The glow of joy he had felt in first finding her was dimmed and chilled; and it was not until he held Lucy's first-born infant in his arms that the full stream of parental love seemed to flow, warm and unchecked, from his heart. On that little one's birth no shadow rested—no wrong or sorrow, no hatred or falsehood, threatened its future. And it was only when that crowning joy came to his Lucy's life, that Ralph Rushmore felt he could pity and forgive Lucy's mother.

Zephyany and he continued to be fast friends. Many persons thought them strangely-assorted companions; and certainly they were strikingly contrasted in many ways. But no harmony is

possible without difference; and life made up of an aggregate of innumerable unisons would be intolerably bald and monotonous.

The amethyst ring reached Fatima's finger at last.

Soon after he had fulfilled Madame Leroux's last request, by seeing her laid to rest near the grave of her husband, Zephyany obtained a fortnight's leave of absence from his employers, and went to Paris, where the Hawkins's were temporarily established. He found a room in the *pension* where they were living; and when he had been there a couple of days he ordered Fatima to put on her bonnet and come with him for a walk in the Champs Elysées.

She obeyed him, exactly as she would have obeyed when she was fifteen. It was half-past eight o'clock on a bright June morning, and at that early hour they were practically alone on the promenade. They strolled along, talking with the delightful sense of mutual understanding and confidence which gives an interest to the most trivial topics; but in their case there were many things to discuss which had a deep interest in themselves. They spoke of Lucy's new fortunes and approaching marriage, which she herself had communicated to Fatima by letter; of Zephyany's improved position; and of Madame Leroux's melancholy end.

"The jury brought it in that she took an overdose of chloral by mistake," said Fatima, thoughtfully.

"Yes; death by misadventure."

"But," proceeded Fatima, "when I heard that the school was nearly ruined, and that she was so much in debt, I wondered—. She would have hated to be poor, or to grow old and lose her good looks, poor woman!"

"She had certainly not lost her good looks," answered Zephyany; "she never looked more brilliant than the night before she died. I saw her at a kind of betrothal supper—to celebrate the *fiançailles* of some one you know."

He turned his eyes away from Fatima, as though he feared to embarrass her. But she said at once, in a firm voice, "Oh, yes; Harrington Jersey. Uncle Adolphe heard from him; and we saw the marriage in the papers."

Zephyany looked at her now, and his face grew brighter when he met her eyes; there was no trace of the love-lorn or forsaken damsel in Fatima's countenance. And, as if with the intention of entirely reassuring him, she added, "I dare say it is the best thing for him; he was always flirting with somebody. But it is plain now that his *grande passion* was for money; perhaps he will be constant now that he has got what he really loves."

"Let us sit down, Fatima," said Zephyany, leading her to a bench. "I want to talk to you."

They seated themselves, and Fatima waited composedly for what he might have to say.

"You must answer me truly," he said, bending his brows, and looking at her severely. "But his stern looks had never frightened Fatima, who answered, "Yes, of course; I never tell lies to you."

"Do you think—" He made an almost imperceptible pause, which in him indicated considerable mental agitation, and then went on with a rush. "Do you think it would be possible for you to be happy if you could bring yourself to marry me, Fatima?"

She turned and looked at him at first in blank astonishment. Then the colour stole into her face, and she said in a low, musing voice, as of one dreaming over some dim but pleasant fancy, "I never thought of such a thing."

"But the idea, now that you do think of it, does not revolt you?"

"Revolt me! No, indeed! How can you speak so?" she returned, with a quick, indignant look, as though she were defending him from some one else.

Zephyany's eyes began to smile, but he kept his mouth grave. "That, however, is not enough," he continued, still in the same tone. "I do not expect romance—not even love, as youth thinks of love. That would be unreasonable. You are barely twenty-two. I am forty. The difference in years is great. My claims on your regard are very few. But you can rely upon me, Fatima. I shall not change. You know my temper and my habits. The life I offer you is humble enough. But I think it would be peaceful and secure. I have insured my life for your benefit. My salary is rising. I have no debts. If it were to take you from prosperity, I should still hesitate to speak—in fact, I should not have spoken at all. But as it is, if you could bring yourself to accept me as your husband, I could promise that your happiness should be my constant care. I put the case before you as fairly as I can. Perhaps I ought to warn you more strongly in your own interests that in all human probability I shall live and die a poor man. And—one word more!—whatever may be your answer, Fatima, you will always be the same to me: I shall slip back into my old place."

Fatima sat silent with downcast eyes, pressing her handkerchief tightly into a ball between her hands. He waited a minute or two. Then he put his hand gently on her two hands, and said sadly, "It is enough my child. I see. I will not torment you for an answer. Let it be as if I had not spoken."

There was still silence for a second, and then Fatima looked up, her eyes swimming with tears, and her lips trembling, and said, "It can't be as if you hadn't spoken. And I don't want it to be. Only—"

"Only? Yes, Fatima? Proceed!" said Zephyany, bending forward eagerly.

"Only, you haven't said a word about—about whether you—whether you love me or not."

"Dios mio!" exclaimed Zephyany. "Child, I have always loved you!"

"Well, then, I think," said Fatima, with a little catching in her breath, "that it would be more civil to say so! I don't want to be married out of pity."

"Pity! Good Heavens—"

"Particularly as I never really cared a straw for anybody but you. At least—I never told you a falsehood, and I never mean to, so I will own that I had all sorts of nonsense in my head about Jersey. I was fond of him—in a way. But—why, if you had fallen ill, or gone away, or died, he would have been just snuffed out of my life. I should have clean forgotten his existence in thinking about you."

Well as Fatima thought she knew all the inflections of his voice, she had never heard the exquisite tone of protecting tenderness in which he said, first in English and then in his mother's tongue—which he used on all occasions of deep feeling. "Dear little thing! *chiquita de mi corazon!*" Then he placed her hand under his arm, and they rose and walked homeward together. When they neared the *pension* Fatima said, "You know, don't you? that I have fifty pounds a year that my father left me? Uncle Adolphe has always arranged about it for me. But I know it was left to me."

"Dear child," said Zephyany, after a brief pause, and encouragingly patting the back of her hand as it lay on his arm. "If it comes, good. But I think we won't reckon on that fifty pounds!"

Before taking leave of Fatima and her relations, it may be stated that the Hawkins's received the announcement of her engagement with the greatest satisfaction. In speaking to Zephyany, Mr. Hawkins bitterly lamented the untimely collapse of Millamint, on the special ground that it had debarred him from bestowing on Fatima the wedding portion of five thousand pounds, which he had fully intended to settle upon her. And there is no doubt that he spoke with perfect sincerity of intention. When Zephyany hinted that Fatima was not absolutely dowerless, Adolphus waved that aside with contempt. "A wretched pittance!" he exclaimed. "Not worth mentioning!" And, in fact, the sequel proved that Zephyany

had been right in advising his betrothed not to reckon on her fifty pounds a year.

The quiet resignation with which Zephyany accepted whatever Mr. Hawkins paid on Fatima's behalf, and was silent on the (far more numerous) occasions when he paid nothing at all, would have excited deep disdain in the bosom of Mr. Jacob Shard and other admirable men of business. But this Bohemian laxity had its compensations. It spared Zephyany and his wife manifold anxieties and bitter heart-burnings, and as they kept their expenses rigidly within their income, they always found that they had not only sufficient for their own wants, but something to spare now and then for a friend in difficulties.

When Dick Avon, in the gentlest and lovingest fashion, announced his intention to marry Lucy, and mentioned the generous provision her father intended to make for her, he had a painful scene with his mother.

Had any one suggested to Mrs. Avon six months ago that her son Richard would find a young lady willing to marry him, who should bring a very large dowry in her hand (for Rushmore's wealth proved to be greater than had been generally supposed), and a prospective inheritance of at least as much again in houses and lands, she would have declared that such good fortune was far beyond what could be expected for Dick—although, of course, she would have considered it beneath Cedric's deserts, even if accompanied by high birth and distinguished beauty. But latterly she had been buoying herself up with the vision of having Mildred Enderby for her daughter-in-law and a sister to her girls—for that she would also be Dick's wife was a relation which presented itself less vividly to her imagination.

"Oh Dick, it is impossible! You mustn't dream of it!" she exclaimed, throwing herself back in her chair, and getting her pocket-handkerchief ready for all emergencies.

So long as his mother's regrets and reproaches, however wildly unjust, were directed solely against himself, Dick had been patient and humble. But when she began to turn them against Lucy, there came a dangerous look into his face, which might have warned her that the limits of his endurance were nearly reached. But Mrs. Avon only noticed, with a certain satisfaction, that, whereas hitherto his robust good temper, and habitual forbearance towards herself, had presented an elastic surface, from which her stinging speeches more or less rebounded, she had now discovered a weapon that would pierce to the quick.

But she was by no means prepared for what followed. Dick, in a few short, decisive sentences, told her that unless she and his sisters could undertake to behave with respect to his wife, they must make up their minds never more to cross the threshold of his house.

"I shall come and see you from time to time; and I wish you to understand that, by Lucy's generosity and good feeling, I am enabled to provide for you and the girls in a manner far beyond what you could have hoped or expected. And let your behaviour be what it will, that arrangement will stand. But I shall require that Lucy be treated, not with freezing civility or patronising descension, but with the respect due to Mrs. Avon, of Avonthorpe. If you cannot promise it, you will not be received in my house. I will not permit my wife to be subjected to insolence from any human being. You know you must believe that I mean what I say, mother; for I never told you or my father a lie in all my life." And Dick, who had never before seen his mother cry without manifesting the tenderest sympathy, now sternly walked away, leaving her sobbing from mingled vexation, mortification, and surprise.

There was no more said on the subject between the mother and son, either then or at any future time. But during all the remaining years of her life it was observed by those who knew Mrs. Avon well, that her affection and admiration for Dick constantly increased, and that her allusions to Cedric gradually became fewer and less enthusiastic, until at length they almost entirely ceased. It was not that any change took place in Mrs. Avon's nature, but that it belonged to her nature to esteem her son in proportion to his masterful assertion of his will against hers.

In the midst of her new happiness Lucy did not forget Peggy Barton and her mother. Edgar Tomline's skill and assiduous attentions having enabled Mrs. Barton to undertake the journey, the mother and daughter came down to Westfield, where a neat lodgings was found for them in the village, at a rent so low as to give Mrs. Barton a most flattering idea of the cheapness of living in the country, although sharp little Peggy was not altogether deceived on the subject; she told Lucy that she would not carry her independence to the point of refusing to profit by her kindness, and that she would just look upon it as if she and her mother were staying on a visit with Miss Smith—she begged pardon, she meant Miss Rushmore—for a fortnight.

Lucy's goodwill did not rest satisfied with merely providing a pleasant holiday for her friends. She tried to devise some means by which they could be permanently benefited. But the Bartons seemed to prefer returning to their old life. They both had the strongest aversion to being in any way burthensome to others, or to taking money for services which they did not feel themselves competent to perform thoroughly well. Moreover, as Peggy truly said, the kindness of their friends had already made a substantial difference in the comfort of their daily lives.

"Only think, Miss Smith," said Peggy, with great animation. "Of the hampers that keep coming up for mother from Enderby Court! Why, I declare, we often feel *exactly* like two Aldermen, mother and me—except, of course, that we don't keep grumbling at the cooking all the while we're stuffing ourselves. And then that invalid chair that was your father's present—well, I don't suppose Queen Victoria has a better! Hers *may* have gold arms and legs, but comfortable it can *not* be. And Mr. Avon climbing up all those stairs the last time he was in town, to leave a great big bunch of roses! Do you know, I do believe that mother thought more of that than anything. Not but what she is most grateful to every one, but—somehow that bunch of flowers was so soothing to the feelings. You'll understand it, Miss Smith, because you're such an out-and-out—I mean so thoroughly the lady."

"But, Peggy, you have not mentioned one whom I consider to be the best friend of all," said Lucy.

Peggy did not blush, but turned rather pale, as she answered. "You mean Mr. Tomline? I can't talk about what he has done for mother. Mother's awfully fond of him."

Peggy did not tell her friend that she had promised to write to Edgar Tomline an account of the wedding which was to take place not at Heywood House, but at Enderby Court, in compliance with Mildred's earnest request; nor that she had led him to confide to her his love for Lucy, in order that he might relieve his heart by talking about her.

Lady Charlotte did not remain at Enderby Court for the marriage. On the plea of ill-health, and inability to face nervous excitement, she withdrew to Grimstock Park, and her sister-in-law, Lady Grimstock, replaced her as chaperon at Enderby Court.

Lucy received the warmest congratulations from all her former acquaintances in Westfield; accession of fortune and troops of powerful friends being there, as elsewhere, an admirable means of raising the temperature of public feeling, and enhancing popularity. Even Mrs. Jackson, in her Sunday gown and bonnet, bobbed a curtsey as the bridal procession left the church. But Mrs. Richard Avon greatly puzzled that acid matron by walking in her travelling dress to Jackson's cottage on purpose to shake hands with old Thomas, whose infirmity prevented him from coming to the church;

while his wife was delivering some criticisms on the ceremony to a very unsympathetic audience in Pinhorn's shop, and thus lost the opportunity of maintaining ever after that "Miss Lucy" had a special mark of respect to her, Hannah Jackson.

Mildred remained Miss Enderby until she was five-and-twenty, but finally disappointed her Aunt Adelaide by marrying a man of higher rank than herself, and almost equal fortune to her own. He was several years her senior, but that did not prevent them from being very happy, and their large wealth was dispensed in a thousand useful channels.

When three months after her marriage, Lucy returned from her wedding trip, she found awaiting her, at Avonthorpe, the following letter:—

"London, September 25th, 1883.—

"DEAR, DEAREST MRS. AVON,—
"I think you will hardly believe what I have to tell you, or, goodness knows, I hardly believe it myself. It's no use trying to keep the best to the last; I must begin with, it because my heart is so very full. I am to be married in three weeks to Edgar Tomline. (Excuse this splotch; a big tear fell on the wet ink; but it was a tear of joy.) It came about first through mother's being such a beautiful case; for Edgar has really made the most wonderful cure, and some of the grand London doctors have been interested in it, and it was mentioned in the medical journals; and Edgar's father was quite proud, and he bought him a practice at Carlisle. And, of course, we were delighted, only I nearly cried my eyes out every night after mother was asleep. So you may imagine that, never being much to boast of in the way of beauty, I looked a nice object when the time drew near to bid him good-bye for ever. (Excuse this second splotch. I really will keep my pocket handkerchief ready.) And then, besides that, Old Diddle—there, it slipped out! Old D., let us call him, had been going on like a fiend, neither more nor less, until I do declare I believe there were times when, if I had had a bludgeon handy, or a hot-iron, or anything of that sort, I should have felled him at my feet."

However, Edgar comes in the evening (I didn't call him Edgar, as you understand, and little thought I ever should!), and he utters directly what a wretch I look—for all the world like a rag doll, with the eyes and nose dabbed in pale red ink—and he says, "What's the matter, little woman?" And that breaks me fairly up, and I sob and sob, and go into hysterics, and Edgar has to be very sal volatile, and made me lie down on the sofa-bedstead—remember the sofa-bedstead?—and I don't know what mother exactly, but she told him about old D. So, to make a story short, the next day Edgar goes to old D., and informs old D. (without with your leave or by your leave to me. Just say!) that he will have to dispense with the services of Miss Margaret Barton, and old D. is most impudent; and the end of this is, that Edgar knocks him down—bang down in his own hall! Of course he expects a summons and all manner of trouble, but not at all! Old D. takes it like a whipped cur, and never opens his mouth. And so Edgar comes back to me, and he says, "Little man, I've done a pretty thing for you; I've lost you your situation! But what do you say to accepting another, where you'll be mistress instead of slavey?" And then—well, I needn't tell you what he said then, because it would only sound like nonsense to say one else. Mind, he thinks, and always will think, that there's nobody like you in the world. But as I happen to agree with him, it doesn't matter. And his father and mother are agreeable. Oh, Mrs. Tomline wrote me such a beautiful letter, saying she was sure such a good daughter would make a good wife. So you see it really is all owing to mother, isn't it?

And mother's to live with us, and Edgar's going to allow her to contribute her mite to the housekeeping; not that there's any need, just to make her feel independent. And if I don't do my best to be a good wife to him I deserve—I was going to say that I deserve to lose him, but I can't bring my pen to write that.

I have only left myself a tiny corner to squeeze in my love to both if I dare, and mother's kind respects, and Edgar's, and if you come north—Edgar says I really must leave off, so I will, dearest Mrs. Avon,

Your happiest-of-the-happy and gratefulst-of-the-grateful,
"PEGGY."

THE END

SOME REPRESENTATIVE CRICKETERS

MR. W. G. GRACE and BRIGGS were walking out from the pavilion at Lord's one day to take their stand at the wickets when a small child remarked to its father, "Pa, who's that big man?"

"That's Dr. Grace, my dear," answered the fond parent. "And who is the little man?" continued the infant.

"Oh, that's Briggs."

"And is Briggs Dr. Grace's baby?" said the youthful inquirer. This anecdote serves to emphasise the fact that at cricket-size matters less than at almost any other game. Among the cricketers whose portraits we give this week there are big cricketers, little cricketers, and middle-sized cricketers, but all alike are good. Let us begin with the biggest and the best. "W. G."—the initials have been enough to identify him any time this twenty years—is the first man to be picked in any representative English eleven. He is heard to say every now and again that the "old man" is within a few days of completing his forty-second year—is off. But the same story has often been told before, yet the "ampion" remains the "Champion" still. His batting may be as sure as it was; yet this season has seen him carry his bat through an innings for 109, while in 1887 he exemplified his failing by making two "centuries" in one match against Kent, and he repeated the feat against Yorkshire. His bowling has lost nothing, they say; yet it is not very long since he took all the ten wickets of Oxford University, and he is still what Mr. Steel calls "the best change bowler in England." He is getting stiff in the ad, we are told; but the batsman who wishes to preserve his "age" had better not give the Doctor a chance. This article can easily be filled with the records of his prowess, but we must leave the others a hearing.

Take the pride of the small cricketers—"little Johnny Briggs," his friends call him. Considering that he is some six stone and a foot shorter than Dr. Grace, his all-round excellence is wonderful. His slow left-hand bowling has an amount of spin which embarrasses the best batsmen—our Australian visitors in particular have a wholesome dread of him and his enticing off-balls. His batting is extraordinarily vigorous for so small a man, and his hitting at cover-point is marvellously quick and accurate. Except his last respect Peel, the Yorkshireman, much resembles Briggs. Another good little cricketer is Abel, one of the Surrey "midgets," but hitherto has been rather unfortunate this year. Mr. Shuter, captain, is also little and good; and is one of the too-few batsmen who can go in and hit on a bad wicket. Sussex, which has been more than ever unfortunate this year, and will soon cease to be a "class," could ill spare Mr. Newham; and it is mainly owing to Mr. Lucas, who, after representing Surrey and Middlesex successfully, has now thrown in his lot with Essex, that the Eastern counties have been doing so well; yet both Mr. Lucas and Mr. Newham are on the small side.

The professional batsmen Shrewsbury is by far the finest. He

is the possessor of a most finished style, and is safer for runs than any other man in England. Both last year and this he has easily headed the averages. There was a time when the Nottingham style of batting, which consisted in staying in an hour for five runs, letting every off-ball severely alone, and playing with one's legs what one could not play with one's bat, had too many attractions for Shrewsbury; but of late his batting, though as safe as ever, has become more vigorous; and it is no uncommon sight to see the telegraph-board on his departure announcing such figures as 156-6-107. Second to Shrewsbury, but some distance off, comes Gunn, another most elegant bat. His 228 for the Players against the Australians this year was the best innings he has ever played; indeed, some say the best innings any one has ever played. It was the perfection of batting—impregnable defence combined with clean, hard hitting. Gunn's other claim to fame is his fielding. His long legs and his safe pair of hands make him the best out-field in the kingdom. Ulyett's burly figure has been familiar in our cricket-fields for many a year. "Happy Jack," as they call him, is good at every point of the game. He is still a dangerous bat—though he does not make such long or frequent scores as he used to—and a good, fast bowler;

their frequency than their justice; but his hands are very safe, and his catches on the leg-side little short of miraculous. He is, however, a poor bat, and in this respect is greatly excelled by Wood, who, besides being a very good wicket-keeper, has often saved the credit of the Surrey batting. It remains only to mention Hall,



MR. W. H. PATTERSON
Kent



WOOD
Surrey

"prince of stone-wallers," who has carried his bat for Yorkshire times without number; Painter, the hard-hitting Gloucester professional; and Burton, steadiest of slow bowlers since Alfred Shaw, and mainstay of the Middlesex attack.—Our portraits are all from photographs by Hawkins and Co., 108, King's Road, Brighton, with the



HUMPHREYS
Sussex

while those who remember how he caught Bonnor from a drive which half the spectators at Lord's thought had gone over the ropes will not deny him the credit of being a good fielder. Another good all-round cricketer is Barnes, who scores rapidly, bowls with a nasty break-back, and fields admirably at slip. Talking of slip reminds us of Lohmann, and that wonderful telescopic arm of his, which shoots out and converts into brilliant catches what both batsmen and spectators have thought to be snicks for four. Lohmann is also a very clean, hard-hitting bat, who has often come to the rescue of his side; but his chief claim to celebrity rests, of course, on his bowling. This is straight, varied, and of excellent length; and is always directed to getting the batsman out, and not to obtaining maiden overs. This bowling for maiden overs used to be Attewell's worst fault; but this year he has in a great measure abandoned it, to the advantage of himself and his county.

But we are forgetting the amateurs. Alas! there are not many bowlers to be found among them. Mr. Woods, the Captain of Cambridge University, is by far the most destructive of them. Mr. Webbe,



PAINTER
Gloucestershire

the popular Captain of Middlesex, who has this year been rivalling the batting feats of his *annus mirabilis*, 1888, and Mr. Fox, who, until he unfortunately put his shoulder out, was doing yeoman's service for Kent, are fair change-bowlers, but nothing more. Kent, by the by, has been sadly weakened by the loss of Mr. W. H. Patterson and of Lord Harris, who, by his admirable captaincy and long innings, did so much for the hop-county (sometimes irreverently called the "long-hop county") until politics took him to India. Mr. W. W. Read occasionally bowls fairly successful "lobs" (Humphreys, of Sussex, is the most successful exponent of this almost forgotten art), but both he and Mr. K. J. Key, his fellow-countyman, depend for their fame entirely upon their batting, which, though not beautiful, is highly effective. Mr. Hornby, the *doyen* of our cricketers, senior even to "W. G.," is still a very dangerous bat, best known for his excellent captaincy of Lancashire, and his practice of never wearing any head-gear in the cricket-field. Of our remaining cricketers, three fill the indispensable office of wicket-keeper. It is a moot point among their respective admirers as to which of these is the best. Pilling is the most finished, perhaps, but his delicate health keeps him from playing much. There is no delicacy about Sherwin, whose appeals to the umpire are sometimes more remarkable for

exception of those of Painter (Dighton's Art Studio, Cheltenham), Mr. Fox (Negretti and Zambra, Crystal Palace), Mr. Webbe (Barraud, 263, Oxford Street), Burton (Ashdown, Waverley Place, St. John's Wood, N.W.), and Mr. Lucas (G. and R. Lucas, 41, Terminus Road, Eastbourne).

RECENT POETRY AND VERSE

MR. EDMUND GOSSE has just collected a number of his musical lyrics and sonnets into a volume "On Viol and Flute" (Kegan Paul). The book is thus prettily dedicated to the Viscountess Wolseley:—

Among your daggers, helms, and drums
Find room for this frail guest that comes,
This bunch of pale chrysanthemums.

An hour or two its bloom may give
That laurel in whose shade you live
A whiteness faint and fugitive.

The poet is a warm lover and a keen observer of nature. There are some charming lines to "The Whitethroat;" and "Lying in the Grass" is replete with happy observation of the rustic sights of early summer:—

The music of the scythes that glide and leap,
The young men whistling as their great arms sweep,
And all the perfume and sweet sense of sleep.

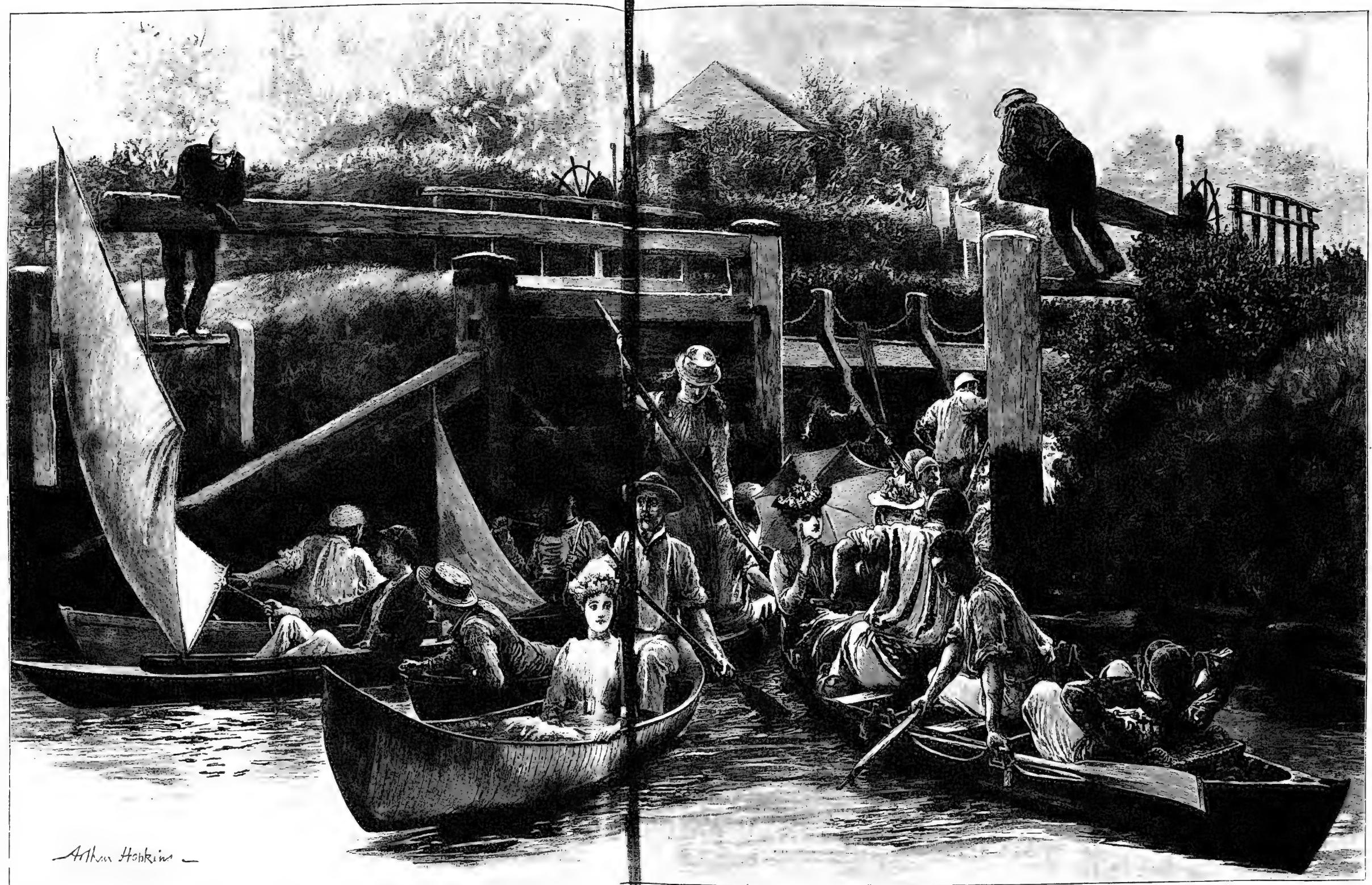
The weary butterflies that droop their wings,
The dreamy nightingale that hardly sings,
And all the lassitude of happy things,

Is mingling with the warm and pulsing blood
That gushes through my veins a languid flood,
And feeds my spirit as the sap a bud.

Admirable among songs of birds is "The Return of the Swallows;" while the poem addressed "To Henrik Ibsen in Dresden" is full of verve and the enthusiasm of an overpowering literary worship; and nothing could be brighter—more fraught with happy rhyming—than the composition headed "Greece and England," of which the first verse runs:—

Would this sunshine be completer,
Or these violets smell sweeter,
Or the birds sing more in metre
If it all were years ago
When the melted mountain-snow
Heard in Enna all the woe
Of the poor forlorn Demeter?

Our excerpts and observations will, we trust, convey the impression that "On Viol and Flute" is calculated to enhance Mr. Gosse's literary reputation.



ON THE WAY TO HELLY - A SCENE IN COOKHAM LOCK

BY ARTHUR HOPKINS



THE settlement of EAST AFRICA still absorbs those Continental Powers who advance any pretensions in that region. GERMANY is planning the organisation of her share of the spoil, although nothing can be settled definitively till Emperor William returns from his cruise along the Norwegian coast, where he experiences very rough weather, and is somewhat indisposed. Most probably the German district will become a Crown colony, with the civil and military administration allotted to separate officers, instead of being united under one control, as in the case of Major Wissmann. Indeed, this proposed alteration is believed to be the real cause of the Major's hesitating whether to return to Africa, rather than his health, although he is at present suffering from tropical fever. Major Wissmann would brook no divided authority where he has been sole head. The German forces in East Africa will be reduced to 600 men, as soon as the turbulent tribes behind the coast-line have been subdued by the strong expedition just despatched. At Zanzibar the German colony are much discontented with the arrangement, especially as Dr. Peters is daily expected at Bagamoyo, returning triumphant from proclaiming German influence at Uganda. Meanwhile, FRANCE hopes to make as good a bargain with England, in return for abandoning her authority over Zanzibar. Not only does M. Ribot wish to obtain a free hand in Madagascar, and to induce England to abandon the privilege of the most-favoured-nation arrangement with Tunis, but the Foreign Minister wants the Algerian and Tunisian *Hinterland*—that vast region extending to the south as far as the Niger and Lake Tchad. The negotiations are likely to last some time, and, as the Chamber rises on the 20th, M. Laur prepared an interpellation for Thursday to elicit a final Ministerial statement before the Deputies disperse. Further down the coast, the Delagoa Bay claims are at last likely to be settled, for PORTUGAL has agreed with the British and American Governments to submit the dispute to the arbitration of Switzerland.

To return to FRANCE, other points of influence in Africa have also occupied public attention. Thus, a noisy debate took place in the Chamber over the Tunisian Customs Duties, when the Government succeeded in obtaining most favourable treatment for Tunisian imports. The Egyptian finance question is also prominent, and the Egyptian delegates have left Paris, as M. Ribot still refuses to allow the funds from the Conversion to be devoted to abolishing the *corvée* for more than a year. Accordingly the *corvée* Tax must be collected shortly, and will further increase French unpopularity on the Nile. The French keep all their conciliatory dispositions for Russia, witness the Franco-Russian League newly established in Paris, and the condemnation of the Nihilists, whose trial is just concluded. The two feminine accused, Mlle. Bromberg and Madame Reinstein, were acquitted, but the five men were sentenced to three years' imprisonment and a fine of 82. Little interest was felt in their fate, unlike the sensation about Eyraud, who has at last confessed to the murder of M. Gouffé, and asks to be put out of his troubles as soon as possible. Now Gabrielle Bompard's share in the guilt has to be decided. PARIS has been afflicted with most wintry weather, which delays the preparations for the National Fête on Monday next, and has extended to the provinces, damaging the crops severely.

The cholera epidemic in SPAIN continues of a mild character, thanks to the authorities' energy in enforcing sanitary measures. Still, a large portion of the province of Valencia is infected, and a suspicious case has occurred at Madrid, ascribed officially, however, to choleraic diarrhoea. Meanwhile public attention has been diverted from the cholera by the Ministerial changes, which have brought Señor Canovas del Castillo and the Conservatives into power, although the Liberal Cabinet had neither sustained defeat over any political question, nor lost its majority. Court influence seems to have produced the crisis. Queen Christina is credited with wishing to carry out her late husband's endeavours to create two distinct parties in the State, each to govern in turn. As the Liberals had held office ever since Her Majesty became Regent in 1885, the Conservatives deserved their turn, according to this point of view, and that opinion was shown so unmistakeably that Señor Sagasta had no choice but to resign. Aware that they are in a decided minority, the Conservatives have included three Liberals in the Cabinet, and state that they will fulfil their predecessors' programme so far as their principles permit, especially in foreign affairs. They are spared Parliamentary Opposition, for the Cortes is suspended, and the general elections by universal suffrage early next year may strengthen their position.

BULGARIA does not intend to let her last Note to the Porte pass unheeded, and has asked several of the Powers to intercede on her behalf. Probably Bulgaria may refuse to pay her tribute if TURKEY continues obdurate, for M. Stambouloff is unwilling to remain inactive now that his enemies are stirring up fresh strife over Major Panitz's death. Prince Alexander of Battenberg has offered to adopt the Major's youngest son. Nor are the Ministry in SERVIA more popular, though they strain every nerve to point out that King Milan's attacks are unfounded, and that they are endeavouring to close the economic war with Austria. The Servian Consul at Pristina has been murdered by Arnauts from private vengeance, like the unfortunate commander of the Prince of MONTENEGRO's body-guard, whose murderer was subsequently lynched. Indeed lawlessness is rife in the East, and while Turks and Montenegrins are fighting in Albania, the disorders in ARMENIA are but little benefited by the Porte simply "considering" the matter, and issuing explanatory circulars. It is stated that Turkey has sent out a Note requesting England to fix the date for evacuating Egypt.

The Silver Bill in the UNITED STATES has advanced another step, for the Conference Committee presented their report to the Senate on Monday. They propose that the Treasury should buy four-and-a-half million ounces of silver monthly, while the certificates shall be legal tender and redeemable in coin. Business has been delayed by the Fourth of July celebration, which produced the usual crop of fires and fatal accidents through carelessness with fireworks. Other disasters followed from storms, notably a tornado at Fargo, North Dakota. News from Behring Sea is anxiously awaited, as the Government cruisers have sailed with sealed orders, and the Canadian vessels are fully armed to resist interference. The British Minister at Washington, however, denies that any fresh difficulties have arisen in the negotiations, as reported. Mr. Blaine states that two points are the most important—the regulations concerning a close season, and the rights of the United States to the entire possession of the Sea. Less heated opinions now prevail in the dispute, as, too, in NEWFOUNDLAND, where the friction is decreasing, although the French at Port-au-Port drive off all British fishermen encroaching on their limits.

MISCELLANEOUS.—The Czar of RUSSIA and his brother, the Grand Duke Alexis, have quarrelled seriously over the reform of the navy, as the Grand Duke spoke out too plainly on the system of naval abuses.—Heavy rains in Northern INDIA have damaged the crops and the railways. The British garrisons still find the Chin-Lushai district very unhealthy, and at Fort White 54 per cent.

of the men are in hospital, natives suffering equally with Europeans.—Financial and political tension in the ARGENTINE REPUBLIC is extreme, and the Government have postponed the Loan Bill indefinitely.—URUGUAY is in like monetary confusion, the National Bank having suspended payment.—In SOUTH AFRICA, the Natal Cabinet are likely to resign through the defeat of their railway projects. The expedition of the British South Africa Company, despatched to make a road to Mashona-land and work the gold-fields, has started from Matabeleland with Lobengula's full approval.

SIR PERCY ANDERSON, K.C.M.G.,

WHO, in conjunction with Sir Edward Malet, our Ambassador at Berlin, has brought the negotiations with Germany over the East African Question to such a successful conclusion, is son of the Rev. Robert Anderson, of Brighton, and grandson of Lord Teignmouth, who succeeded Earl Cornwallis as Governor-General of India in 1792. He was educated at Marlborough and at Christ Church, Oxford, and graduated in honours at that University in 1852. In the same year he entered the Foreign Office. He served with the



SIR PERCY ANDERSON, K.C.M.G.
Who Negotiated the Anglo-German Agreement on behalf of this country

late Viscount Lyons at the Legation at Washington through the American War, and was made a K.C.M.G. after the Conference of Berlin of 1885, which he attended as British delegate. He is now Chief of the African Department of the Foreign Office. He is married to the second daughter of Lord De Saumarez, who was previously married to the late Lord Boston.—Our portrait is from a photograph by Van Bosch, Paris.



WINDSOR CASTLE has been full of visitors during the Empress Frederick's visit to the Queen. A dinner-party takes place every evening, a military band playing during the meal; while several vocal and instrumental concerts have been given before the Royal party. The Hereditary Prince and Princess of Fürstenberg arrived with the Duchess of Connaught on Saturday to dinner; and next morning the Queen and the Royal party attended Divine Service in the Frogmore Mausoleum, while in the afternoon they watched the crowds of spectators on the East Terrace of the Castle, where two bands were playing. The Duke and Duchess of Connaught and the Prince and Princess of Fürstenberg then left for town, being replaced by Princess Louise and Lord Lorne. On Monday the Duke and Duchess of Teck and their daughter lunched with Her Majesty, and the Duke of Portland and Maria, Marchioness of Ailesbury, were among the guests at dinner. Next day the Queen received the Thakore and the Maharani of Gondal, and subsequently came up to town, where Her Majesty visited Sir Francis Seymour and took tea with Princess Louise at Kensington Palace. Prince and Princess Henry left the Castle on Wednesday for a two months' Continental tour. The Queen leaves for Osborne next Tuesday, the Empress Frederick and daughters accompanying Her Majesty to Cowes, whence they start for Athens. On the 26th inst. the Queen will open the new Deep-water Dock at Southampton, steaming round in her yacht, and christening the dock "Empress."

Owing to the bad weather, the Prince and Princess of Wales did not visit the Paddington Recreation Ground on Saturday, at the Committee's request, as none of the athletic displays could be held. The Band of the Garde Républicaine played before the Royal party at Marlborough House in the morning, and the Princess witnessed the performance of *Jeanne d'Arc* in the afternoon, while in the evening the Prince dined with the Rifle Brigade, the Duke of Connaught presiding. Sunday was Princess Victoria's twenty-second birthday, and after going to church the Prince and Princess and family entertained at lunch the Grand Duke and Duchess of Mecklenburg-Schwerin and the Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh with their children. Later, the Princess and daughters drove to East Sheen to see the Duchess of Fife, who is now convalescent. On Monday the Prince held a Levée at St. James's, and with the Princess and daughters opened Vauxhall Park, being received by the Duke of Edinburgh and Princess Louise. In the evening the Royal party went to the Opera. Next day the Prince, as President, laid the first stone of the new buildings of the College of Music, the College Corporation and the Board of the Royal Academy of Music holding their annual meeting at Marlborough House on Wednesday. The Prince and Princess also paid their deferred visit to the Paddington Recreation Ground, and went to the Countess of Dudley's ball in the evening. Thursday was spent at Greenwich, for the Prince and Princess to distribute the prizes to the boys at the Royal Naval College and lunch in the Painted Hall, and to-day (Saturday) they inaugurate the new ranges of the National Rifle Association at Bisley. The Princess will fire the first shot, and receive the Association's Gold Medal.

The Duke and Duchess of Edinburgh go to Osborne Cottage, Isle of Wight, next Tuesday. Prince Alfred has joined his parents from Coburg, for his holidays. The Duke and Duchess dined with the

French Ambassador on Tuesday.—The Duke of Connaught, as chairman, on Saturday presided at the General Meeting of the Gordon Boys' Home, and on Monday inspected the Second Battalion of Scots Guards in Hyde Park.—Prince and Princess Christian and family visited the British Orphan Asylum, Slough, on Saturday, for the Princess to distribute the prizes.—Princess Louise, on Monday, opened the National Bazaar in aid of the Band of Hope Union.



RECENT "trial" matinées—as they are called—have, unfortunately, not brought to light any very valuable addition to the repertory of the modern stage. Mr. W. L. Courtney's little poetical play, entitled *Kit Marlowe*, brought out at the performances for the benefit of the Marlowe Memorial Fund at the SHAFESBURY Theatre, is dramatic in character, and has a welcome flavour of literary art; but it is a mere dramatic anecdote transferred to the stage with such departures from the tradition of Marlowe's death in the tavern broil as the author has judged necessary to make the story less repulsive. It was very carefully acted by Mr. Bourchier and his associates, and is to take its place next week in the evening bill of the ST. JAMES'S. Mr. Justin Huntly McCarthy's little duologue, produced on the same occasion, is one of those dramatic "trifles light as air" which need the finished art, and, above all, the delicately-varied diction of the Théâtre Français to make them effective. It necessarily suffered something from the fact that the male part was merely read from the manuscript by Mr. Willard in the absence of Mr. Waring, who is, it appears, the bondman of Mrs. John Wood, who forbids the appearance of members of her company at matinées. *Vera*, a Russian story, produced at the GLOBE by Madame de Naucaze, proved to be a poor piece of melodramatic patchwork. And not much is to be said for Mr. Pierre Leclercq's *Illusion*, in which Miss Marion Lea, at the STRAND, enacted the heroine with poetical feeling, but, unfortunately, also with some of those curious vagaries of voice and eccentricities of pose and gesture which are apt to mar the efforts of this clever young actress in parts that require emotional expression. Mr. Leclercq's play, regarding which high expectations had been raised, presents a preposterous story, and is altogether a crude production, savouring much more of the exploded devices of the suburban stage than of any observation of human life.

Happily a more favourable account can be given of the new pieces at the CRITERION and TOOLE'S Theatres. *Sowing and Reaping*, a two-act comedy, in which Mr. Charles Wyndham at the former house finds ample and varied opportunities for the exhibition of his mercurial temperament and boisterously farcical spirit, was tried at a matinée, and speedily transferred to the evening bill. A French original of this ingenious and briskly-written piece is suspected; but as the critics and literary detectives have, as yet, searched in vain among the productions of Labiche and other acknowledged masters in this field, Mr. C. Vernon, or the playwright who conceals himself under that signature, must needs enjoy the whole credit. We have only to add that *Sowing and Reaping* gives employment also to Miss Mary Moore, Mr. G. Giddens, Mr. Blakeley, Miss Victor, and other prominent members of the Criterion Company. Mr. Darnley's new piece, *The Solicitor*, with which Miss Violet Melnotte has commenced her season at Toole's Theatre, is a new farce in three acts, and is an original work—albeit it is of the true Palais Royal pattern. The company is not a particularly distinguished one, but they play for all this with spirit, and enter into the fun of Mr. Darnley's comic situations with a zest which provokes much merriment. *The Solicitor*, in brief, is one of the mild successes of the day.

The Taming of the Shrew has been revived at the LYCEUM. It is always worth seeing when played by the Daly Company by reason of the spirit and cleverness of Miss Rehan's Katherine. The fun of the old comedy, however, is a trifle too rough in flavour for the ladies of modern audiences, and irreverent spectators in the gallery have even been heard to hiss the boisterous proceedings of Mr. John Drew with the serving men, the tailor, and the haberdasher.

The annual matinée in aid of the Actors' Benevolent Fund will take place at the LYCEUM on Thursday afternoon next. The customary huge bill has been prepared for the occasion.

The wretched weather which we have experienced of late, coupled with a feeling of uncertainty as to the ability of Madame Sarah Bernhardt to bear in her present condition of health the strain of her nightly performances, has somewhat thinned audiences at HER MAJESTY'S. On one evening the great actress broke down in the midst of the second act of *Jeanne d'Arc*. Since then, however, she has played in *Adrienne Lecouvreur*, *La Dame aux Camélias*, and *La Tosca*, and on Saturday she even appeared both in the morning and the evening with scarcely an apparent lack of her old powers. Whether essaying two such arduous parts in one day, a feat she is to repeat to-day, is, under the circumstances, a prudent step may perhaps be doubted.

Miss Claire Ivanowa, a young lady who is understood to be of Russian origin, made her appearance at a matinée at the GRAND Theatre last week in the character of Bianca in the late Dean Milman's *Fazio*. Miss Ivanowa, who has been a member of the company of the Margate Theatre for some two years past, has some natural gifts and advantages; but her attempt to play a part which has been deemed to put a severe tax upon the powers of great tragic actresses was only partially successful.

The HAYMARKET and the ADELPHI both close their doors after to-night, a token of the approaching end—if end it can ever be said to have—of the season. Mr. Tree proposes to come back with *A Village Priest* on the first of October; but Messrs. Gatti will, if present intentions hold good, reopen the Adelphi with Messrs. Sims and Buchanan's new Irish romantic drama nearly a month earlier. It is said that in the latter play there will be once more "a clerical element." Instead of a declamatory old gentleman with thin locks, however, the clerical hero will be a vigorous young man "driven by a hopeless passion to take refuge in the Church." Mr. Leonard Boyne and Miss Olga Brandon will play leading parts, together with Miss Mary Rorke, Miss Kate James, Mr. J. L. Shine, Miss Clara Jecks, Mr. Lionel Rignold, and other popular members of the Adelphi company.

The title of the new play, by Messrs. Brander Matthews and Jessop, in which Nat. Goodwin, an American actor, proposes to make his first appearance in England on Monday week, is of that class which is apt, in the event of disaster, to provoke the gibes of the minor jesters. It is *The Gold Mine*. The piece has already been played in New York.

Mr. Thorne who—first with, and finally without, partners—has been the lessee and manager of the VAUDEVILLE Theatre ever since this house was built by Mr. Wybrow Robertson twenty years ago, has secured a renewal of his lease. It is understood that, thus protected, he will spend during the coming vacation a considerable sum in enlarging and improving the house.

A new farcical comedy, by Mr. Arthur Law, entitled *The Judge*, will shortly take the place of *New Lamps for Old* at TERRY'S Theatre.



THE SEASON.—The commencement of July has been extremely discouraging; a fall in the temperature has been attended by heavy rainfall, and the work of the farm has been interrupted, while the growing crops have not made any due progress towards ripening, and the hay has been much knocked about and damaged. Between Midsummer Day, when the mean temperature was 67 deg., and Saturday last, when it was only 57 deg., lies a difference sufficient to convert a good harvest to a bad one, unless change come and give us back, if not 67 deg. as an average, at least 62 deg., which is the average of the last twenty years. A cold July is of very evil reputation in the way of making the worst harvest years. The wheat crop of 1883 was inferior, though the weather was fine from August to the end of autumn; but July had been both cold and damp. July, 1882, was also a wet cold month, and was followed by a short crop. The July rainfall in the worst year of the century, 1879, was 421 inches. July, 1880, was wet, but not cold; the crop more nearly approached an average. Observations would seem to show that it is the fall of temperature rather than the moisture which does the harm. The barley and oats are still looking very well, but they are in reality too grassy for the period of the year, and are beginning to need sunshine nearly as much as the wheat. Turnips in the north, where they are planted early, have now got beyond the stage when growers fear the fly. The wet weather and low temperature have thus far only encouraged this crop. Potatoes do not show well except in the very earliest districts.

THE HAY CROP this year will be much below the great yield of last season, but the fields which were secured before the end of June were of average bulk and quality. The latter has within the last few days undergone a general deterioration under the baneful influence of repeated washing rains. Ensilage will have extended use this year, and the increased number of silos is matter for much congratulation. In the North, we hear that the yield of the earlier fields is generally light, and that, in many cases, there is a deficiency in clover, the root having given way during the ungenial April. The price of hay is expected to remain low owing to the large stock of 1889 hay still on hand. The rye grass has done well this season.

HOPS.—The heavy rainfall has not seriously retarded the increase of vermin in East and West Kent. Some gardens in Mid-Kent, and the Weald of Kent and Sussex, are dripping with honeydew and going black, and mould is very prevalent. The outlook is getting decidedly gloomy, and the remains of the 1889 crop are being sought after.

CATTLE continue to obtain a good feed from the pastures, but the heavy rains have caused an apprehension of fluke among sheep. The root crops promising to be heavy in yield, and old hay being far from exhausted, the grazier and breeder look upon the recent weather with comparative equanimity. Grass beasts are coming to market rather earlier than usual, and in good form. This was to be expected from the very favourable manner in which they got through the winter. Small wethers and ewes have sold well at the country markets, but the lamb trade is slower, and heavy sheep are hard to sell.

EARL SPENCER presided last week at the Northamptonshire Chamber of Agriculture, when the following resolution was put and carried unanimously: "That this county strongly approves of the principle of the measure now before Parliament for stamping out pleuro-pneumonia, and feels sure that the Minister of Agriculture will use all the powers of the Bill and other powers within his authority for putting the Act in force." The meeting also resolved: "That no precautions will be effective unless the movement of cows from dairies in London and other large towns into the country is strictly prohibited."

ENGLISH AND FOREIGN GRAIN.—The sales of English grain at 196 statute markets since harvest have amounted to 3,055,053 qrs. of wheat, 3,278,168 qrs. of barley, and 521,617 qrs. of oats. All these quantities are largely in excess of the supplies for the same period of last year, and point to an increased vigilance on the part of the local inspectors. The sales of wheat for the whole country are reckoned by one authority at 7,500,000 qrs., and the existing surplus still for sale at 1,000,000 qrs., but a well-known market circular assumes that only 7,308,118 qrs. have been sold, and that 1,291,882 qrs. remain to be delivered. Imports for the first six months of 1890 have included 5,960,907 qrs. of wheat, 1,513,221 qrs. of barley, 1,812,349 qrs. of oats, 5,497,096 qrs. of maize, and 3,470,180 sacks of flour as compared with 6,314,462 qrs. of wheat, 1,935,522 qrs. of barley, 2,554,013 qrs. of oats, 4,097,896 qrs. of maize, and 2,509,699 sacks of flour in the first six months of 1889. It will be noted that the imports of maize have been extremely large. In the first half of 1888 they were only 3,057,585 qrs.

WOOD PIGEONS.—Those farmers who are always eager to shoot wood pigeons on account of their reputed destructive feeding had better, according to a writer in the *Westmorland Gazette*, examine the crop of the next wood pigeon they kill. A pair were shot the other day because the farmer thought that the birds had been feeding on the young sweet shoots of the clover. When their crops were opened nothing was found but a mass of ketlock or wild mustard. If that undying pest should be the bird's main food, it would well repay many farmers to breed and keep flocks of wood-pigeons in order to help to eradicate the baneful weed. The only question which occurs is whether the preference of wood-pigeons for wild mustard and other weeds is sufficiently general for Westmorland observations to be made a rule of conduct in other Shires.

LAST NOTES FROM PLYMOUTH.—The following table of attendances for the last dozen years is published by the Royal Agricultural Society. At Kilburn, 187,323 persons attended in 1879; at Carlisle, next year, 92,011; at Derby, 127,996; at Reading, 82,943; at York, 128,117; at Shrewsbury, 94,126; at Preston, 94,192; at Norwich, 104,909; at Newcastle, 127,372; at Nottingham, 147,927; at Windsor, 155,707; and at Plymouth, 97,612. To these official returns we may add that York perhaps did best of all, for the weather was broken, and yet 10,319 was taken for admissions. On the other hand, Reading did much the worst, as the weather was fine, and yet the attendance the worst on record, until this year, when, owing to "the frost" on the dear days, only 5,931 was taken for admission, against 14,832 at Windsor, and 9,409 at Nottingham. The Plymouth Show in 1885 was well attended, but the Prince and the Princess of Wales on their first visit to the fair West were there, and gave it a special distinction.

MR. STANLEY'S WEDDING

A DOUBLE interest attaches to the ceremony which, by permission of the Dean, takes place in Westminster Abbey this (Saturday) afternoon. It is unnecessary to say anything of the fame of the bridegroom. Has it not been written in countless records during the past twenty years? But the bride, too, has won celebrity, though in an entirely different field. Miss Dorothy Tennant is the daughter of the late Mr. Charles Tennant, of Cadotton, Neath, and Richmond Terrace, Whitehall, formerly M.P. for St. Albans; and on her mother's side claims descent from no less a personage than Oliver Cromwell. Like her sister, Mrs. F. W. H. Myers, wife of the well-known psychologist, whose artistic photographs gained so much admiration at the last Royal Society *soirée*, Miss Tennant early developed artistic tastes. She studied at the Slade School and under M. Henner in Paris, and has for some years been a prominent exhibitor at the Royal Academy, Grosvenor, and New Galleries. Her tall figure and open countenance are well-known in London society, where her conversational powers have made her very popular. An artist herself, she has inspired other artists, having been painted both by Mr. Watts and Sir John Millais, whose portrait of her, reading a letter, with the title "No," is well-known. The wedding ceremony is to be performed by three distinguished friends of the bride and her family, namely, the Dean of Westminster, the Bishop of Ripon, and the Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. The Service will be choral, with an anthem by Dr. Bridge. Mr. Charles Tennant, the only brother, gives away the bride, who, besides her two little pages in Charles I. costume, will be attended by a pair of small bridesmaids, Misses Finlay and Sylvia Myers, wearing toilettes of the same period—long white dresses, narrow wreaths of flowers on their heads, and crystal, pearl, and turquoise lockets, given by the bridegroom. The bridesmaids will carry posies of large white Bouvardia myrtle and other flowers, which together with the memorial wreath to be placed by Mr. Stanley upon Livingstone's grave (passed by the bride on her way to the altar) have been made by Mrs. Howard J. Norton ("Loadstone, the Lady Flofist"), of 13, Motcomb Street, Belgrave Square. Among the presents are a

"BLACKWOOD," as usual, contains plenty of solid reading. "The Russian Journalistic Press," and "Exchange with India," being perhaps the two most interesting articles.

The *English Illustrated Magazine* has as its frontispiece an excellent portrait of H.R.H. the Duchess of Teck, and the illustrations throughout as good as ever.—The article on Eton College is fresh and interesting, in spite of the well-worn nature of the subject; and Lady Enid Wyndham-Quin writes pleasantly of Adare Manor, Lord Dunraven's Irish seat.

In *Temple Bar* Miss Broughton and Mrs. Edwardes continue their two clever novels, and Vidocq, the subject of this month's "Romance of History," incontestably proves that truth is stranger than the Penny Dreadful. "An Idyll of Clods," will do something to remove some of the prejudices of the town-bred man on the subject of the labouring peasant.

The *Illustrated Naval and Military Magazine* is always interesting, even to the undrilled civilian. It contains an excellent paper on Dover, most charmingly illustrated by Holland Tringham. The articles on "The Crimean Epoch" and "Napoleon," which form parts of two series, will be read with interest; and Captain Hutton's study on "Daggers, or How to Use the New Bayonet," should be of use to soldiers. The instalment of "The Kicking Mare" is promising, and indeed the whole magazine may be read with profit, for the amount of padding is commendably small.

The *New Review* has "Newfoundland and the French," which is of present interest; and a capital article on "The First General Election in Japan," which took place at the beginning of this month.

Time has a paper on "Toynbee Hall."

Four of the magazines which especially cater for the readers of fiction, have issued Holiday or Summer Numbers, two in addition to their ordinary monthly numbers. *Belgravia* gives its readers nine short stories in its Holiday Number by such authors as Florence Marryat, T. W. Speight, and Iza Duffus Hardy.—*London Society's* Holiday Number contains seven short stories, commencing with a pretty little sketch by John Strange Winter, and ending with a story by the Queen of Roumania.—*The Argosy* has the continuation of Mrs. Henry Wood's novel, "The House of Haliwell," and an illustrated article on "Fair Normandy," by Mr. Charles W. Wood. The Summer Number contains several short stories, some poetry, and an illustrated article on the Charterhouse by the Editor.—*All the Year Round* is as full of interesting articles as ever, and has its Summer Number bound up with its ordinary issue. The extra number contains one long story as usual, and on the title-page is the name "Dickens," not Charles this time, but Mary Angela. Those who take up this Summer Number will not be disappointed in the story.

The *Art Journal* this month treats of Mr. W. B. Richmond's work and his life as a painter, and the *Magazine of Art* does much the same for Mr. Ford Madox Brown. The elder journal has a beautiful reproduction of Mr. E. Blair Leighton's striking picture "A Call to Arms," and an article on "The Royal Academy in the Last Century." The magazine contains "Arms and Armour at the Tudor Exhibition," rather late in the day; and a further paper by Mr. C. N. Williamson on "Illustrated Journalism in England."

—The *Woman's World* administers a snub to the monster man, by reminding him by its frontispiece what a base thing the male form divine can be made in a French fashion-plate. In other respects, too, the magazine is full of interest to women, and there are some delightful diagrams which, though at first they look like extracts from Miss Fawcett's problem paper, on inspection prove to be intended for the use of ladies anxious to cut up "material" into blouses. There is also a portrait and sketch of Mrs. Jopling.

The American magazines are, as is generally the case, much stronger in illustrations than in letterpress. *Harper* opens with a poem by Mr. T. B. Aldrich, illustrated in the quaintest fashion. There is a further instalment of the adventures of the ever-vanilla Tartarin of Tarascon in the Far East, and papers on "Texan Types and Contrasts," and "Social Life in Oxford," with a profusion of capital drawings.—*Scribner* has a Samoan poem, "The House of Tembinoka," by Mr. R. L. Stevenson; an interesting paper on the "Suburban House" of the United States; and an article on "Surf-Bathing," which contains much that is new to English readers. "The Last Slave-Ship" is a story of a strange experience.—The *Century* runs *Harper* and *Scribner* hard. "A Yankee in Andersonville" is a page from the story of the American Civil War; and there is also the ninth part of the "Autobiography of Joseph Jefferson." "A Provençal Pilgrimage" is illustrated by Joseph Pennell, and therefore it goes without saying that the drawings are charming.—*Lippincott* contains "The Picture of Dorian Gray," by Mr. Oscar Wilde. The plot is the most powerful and original that has been written for some time; but Mr. Wilde is hardly strong enough to do it justice. The twaddle of his emasculate men, and an uncertainty as to the uses of "will" and "shall" are blots on the work. The anxiety of Americans to be well thought of in England comes out strongly in the *North American Review*, for, in addition to a paper on "American Girls in Europe," there is a discussion by seven prominent citizens on the subject, "Do Americans Hate England?" The outcome of it all seems to be that they like Englishmen individually, but hate them collectively.—Perhaps the most interesting article in the *Atlantic Monthly* to most readers at this season of the year is "The Status of Athletics in American Colleges," but "Science and the African Problem," and "Richard Henry Lee" must not be left unread.—*Babyhood* has this month adopted a new cover to emphasise the fact that it is meant to be read, not by babies, but by mothers of babies. It is a journal of children's health, and must not be mistaken for a child's First Reader.

We have also received the *Sunday at Home*, *Leisure Hour*, *Sunday Magazine*, *Little Folks*, the *Quiver*, *Cassell's Family Magazine*, *St. Nicholas*, *London Society*, the *Crown of the Year*, the *Sun*, *Chambers' Journal*, *Tinsley's Magazine*, the *Scots Magazine*, and *Outing*.

POLICE DISCONTENT TROUBLES PARIS as well as London. The Parisian police-force is inadequate to protect the city, and the six thousand *Gardiens de la Paix* are much overworked. Accordingly the Government has obtained from the Chamber funds sufficient to enrol three hundred recruits, but at least fifteen hundred are required to raise the strength to any degree of efficiency.



II.



MISS SILVIA MYERS AND MASTER LEO MYERS, BRIDESMAID AND PAGE
From a photograph by their mother, Mrs. F. W. H. Myers

miniature portrait of the Queen, set in diamonds, with a lock of the Royal hair at the back of the portrait, presented by Her Majesty, and a magnificent service of plate from the Emin Relief Committee. Mr. Stanley presents his bride with diamond and sapphire ornaments, and a diamond crescent and brooch. The reception will be held in the garden of Richmond Terrace, overlooking the Thames Embankment. The happy pair spend their honeymoon at Melchett Park, Romsey, Hants, lent by Louisa, Lady Ashburton.

LAST SATURDAY was the coldest July day known in London for twenty years, with one exception—July 11th, 1888.

THE RIVAL PARIS SALONS are counting up their gains now that both have closed their doors. The original Salon at the Palais de l'Industrie made 9,600^l, but although the receipts were 1,620^l above those of last year, when the Exhibition damaged all other collections, they fell 3,200^l short of the season of 1888. This decrease is set down to the attractions of the Champ de Mars Salon, which opened a fortnight later, and realised 6,800^l. Moreover, in an artistic sense, each Salon damaged the other, by dividing the best artists, and admitting inferior work to fill up the gaps caused by the division. Both the old Salon officials and the Government are anxious to heal the quarrel before next year's display, while on their side the opposition faction want a share in the funds granted by the State for travelling scholarships, and may possibly look more favourably on reconciliation than hitherto.

PRINCE BISMARCK has received so many presents, especially of late, that he intends to arrange them in a museum on his estate at Schönhausen. The chief room will be ornamented by a life-size portrait of William II., which the Emperor lately presented to his ex-Chancellor, and which now hangs in the Friedrichsruh dining-room. Though pleased with the various gifts, and with the enthusiasm shown by the German people in subscribing towards a Bismarck monument, the Prince does not care about any memorial being erected to him during his lifetime. He would prefer that the money collected should be spent on a Memorial Church to his old master, William I. Whether the Prince will come to England still seems doubtful. One authority states that he is coming in the autumn, and will visit Scotland to see heather in full bloom, but the *Hamburger Nachrichten* declares that he is more likely to make excursions in Germany than abroad.

THE READER

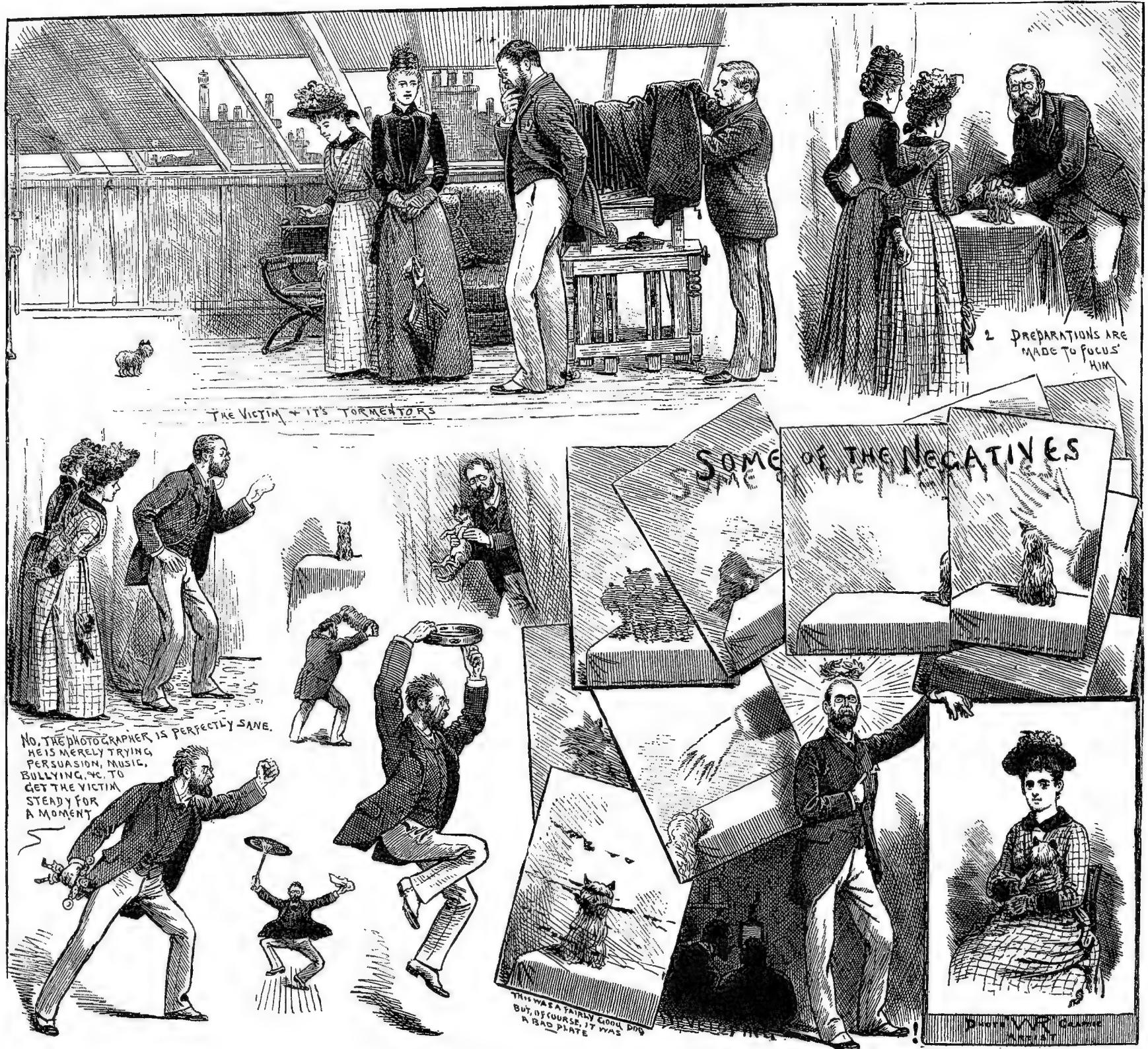
AN amusing volume has been compiled by Mr. Radcliffe Cooke out of his experiences of public life, and he has given to it the title, "Four Years in Parliament with Hard Labour" (W. H. Allen). He points out that the common run of members, especially those who sit on the Ministerial side of the House, have, during their hours of enforced attendance, leisure for observation denied to young men of the Opposition bent on distinguishing themselves against the Party in power. The writer describes pleasantly what he heard while taking a little band of ladies round St. Stephen's. "As the House is sitting," he says, "we cannot enter the actual Chamber, but if the ladies will by turns mount a seat placed in a sort of niche by the side of the door, they will obtain a fair view of the interior through a glass panel about a foot square. I know of old what each one will say. 'Oh, how small it is!' And is this really the House of Commons? Is that Mr. Gladstone?" "No," I interpose, "Mr. Gladstone is not here to-night; that is Mr. W. H. Smith, the Leader of the House." "Oh, indeed! Where does Mr. Gladstone sit? Thank you so much. Candour compels me to admit, much as I distrust this statesman,

"visualise the leading features of the district under consideration." Mr. Irvine supplies a very complete list of the notable towns of the world, with figures of population attached. As nearly all the towns in the world, certainly all the important ones, are situated on the banks of rivers or on the sea-coast, Mr. Irvine has wisely adopted this measure of classification. As a useful class-book for commercial schools, this volume is sure to meet with appreciation from many educationalists.

The Hon. Emily Lawless brings home to us the Irish question or some three hundred years ago in "With Essex in Ireland" (Smith, Elder). This lady, who is already well known as the author of "Hurish, a Study," introduces and edits what purports to be "Extracts From a Diary Kept in Ireland During the Year 1599" by Mr. Henry Harvey, sometime Secretary to Robert Devereux, Earl of Essex, with a Preface by John Oliver Maddox, M.A. The author in her historical narrative contrives to convey very clearly, cleverly, and convincingly an impression of the insolubility of the Irish problem, and there are many passages of grave, quiet humour in the volume. Thus, describing the voyage of Elizabeth's Lord-Lieutenant from Beaumaris to Dublin she writes:—"Now of the thirteen hours which we spent on board ship, and of the miseries

naturally included here, though Mr. Hartland had some difficulty in securing a good version of it. The stories are classified under the two main headings of "Nursery Tales" and "Sagas," and in their collection the editor has been much aided by the facilities placed in his way by the Council of the Folk-Lore Society, and by various authors and publishers. Students of folk-lore will be sure to welcome this volume.

Mr. Fisher Unwin's series, "The Story of the Nations," has received a valuable addition in "The Jews Under Roman Rule," by Mr. W. D. Morrison. The epoch treated of embraces a period of about three hundred years (B.C. 164 to A.D. 135). The first half of this period is, as Mr. Morrison points out, almost co-incident with the formation of the great Confederation of Mediterranean States under the supremacy of Rome—a Confederation which constituted the most important external preparation for the success of Christianity; while the second half is co-incident with the birth, development, and primitive organisation of the Christian faith. Mr. Morrison supplies a list of the authorities from which he has derived his material, while a provision of good maps and plans, and of plentiful illustrations, assists materially in elucidating, brightening, and lightening the narrative.



PHOTOGRAPHING A DOG

that Mr. Gladstone is the only Member of Parliament invariably inquired after by every lady who peeps through the glass panel I have described. I have endeavoured to excite interest in other politicians with small success. "That tall man," I have said, "is Mr. Raikes, the Postmaster-General;" no display of emotion. "That elderly gentleman with white hair and beard," I have continued, "is Mr. Childers"—no sign. "And that youngish man in the corner seat, feeling for his moustache," I have sometimes added, "is Lord Randolph Churchill"—slight shiver. But when I have been able to say, "There, that is Mr. Gladstone, that old gentleman looking this way, with his hand to his ear, listening so attentively to the member addressing the House, who is Mr. Timothy Healy, of whom you may have heard," the beautiful being I inform at once brightens up, and exclaims, "Is it really? How nice! Thank you so much!" Mr. Radcliffe Cooke is equally amusing about the smoking-room of the House of Commons, about the Primrose League, and so on. We can command his book as a very readable one.

Mr. William Balfour Irvine has written "A Class-Book of Geography, Physical, Political, and Commercial, for Intermediate and Senior Pupils" (Relfe Brothers). The very considerable success which followed the publication of Mr. Relfe's elementary text-book of geography has induced him to prepare a more advanced work on the same subject. Throughout the work it has been Mr. Irvine's object to suggest and facilitate reference to the map; first, because such reference is an invaluable aid to memory, and, second, because the fuller acquaintance with the map thus acquired is likely to be of great service in enabling the pupil to

endure therein, I will say nothing, for the remembrance of them is still grievous to me, as unto most of those that bore us company. For I remarked that the pangs of this sickness spared not even those that were of highest station, great Earls, like my Lords of Southampton and Rutland, lying prostrate upon the deck in sore travail both of body and mind, even as they did that were of lower birth and station. For this sickness is like Death itself, and is a great and mighty Leveller, breaking down those partitions which God hath himself set and ordained between man and man." The author did not think Erin would enjoy peace or rest unless "through the justice and interposition of Heaven it could be speedily swallowed, and engulfed in those waves which eternally rage against it, and thereby converted into harmless salt pool, tenanted with fish in place of men, I much misdoubt it ever will!" There are many admirable touches in this book which bring vividly home a rough warfare and a wild country.

To the Camelot Series (Walter Scott), edited by Mr. Ernest Rhys, has been added an excellent number, "English Fairy and Other Folk Tales," which are edited with an introduction by Mr. E. S. Hartland. The book pretends to be nothing more than a presentation in a more or less literary form of a few of the traditional stories formerly, no doubt, rife in this country, but now fast disappearing under the stress of modern life. Many familiar fairy tales are, of course, absent here on account of their foreign origin; "Cinderella," "Bluebeard," and others having come in from France or Perrault's tales. Our old friend "Jack the Giant-Killer" is

A useful addition to the literature of popular philosophy is Mr. C. H. Waterhouse's "Insignia Vitæ; or, Broad Principles and Practical Conclusions" (J. S. Virtue). We have here five essays on Life and Character, in which the author has not been unsuccessful in combining profundity of thought with lucidity of expression. Their titles are: "Nature's Plan in the Life of Man," "Concerning the Real Self, or 'Ego,' in Man," "On the Exercise of the Judgment," "Concerning the Genesis of Man," and "On the Relation of the Sexes." The essay on the "Ego" is particularly good. All of them are readable, and abound in apt quotation and anecdote. The volume is alike instructive and suggestive, and by most thoughtful readers will be found interesting.

Mr. Hugh Haliburton has not been ill-advised in bringing together into a book, "In Scottish Fields" (William Paterson), certain fugitive essays which have appeared in various newspapers and magazines—the *Scotsman*, *Scots Observer*, and *Good Words* among the rest. He is very entertaining about Burns, and provides us with a scholarly and genial account of William Dunbar.

A service has been rendered to lovers of the Saga and fairy story by Mrs. Howard Kingscote and Pandit Natâsa Sâstri, who have collected "Tales of the Sun; or, Folklore of Southern India" (W. H. Allen). In these fables of India there is one noticeable peculiarity, and that is that craft and cunning are more generally rewarded than virtue. Magic and supernatural phenomena, too, play an important part. This collection sheds light on Indian tradition, and, in the style and manner of it, is altogether a pleasant addition to our translated literature.

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MISFORTUNES come to the unfortunate, and the Government having once got into a bad way have had something more than their share. Ever since the House resumed after the Whitsun holidays Ministers have been oppressed with a sense of overwhelming weight of work. In this state of things there were open to them the traditional three courses. They might either have arranged to extend the Session till the work was done, they might have had an Autumn Session; or they might have so cut down the programme as to fit it to the time ordinarily at their disposal. Unhappily the Government hit upon a fourth course. They resolved upon introducing a totally new feature into Parliamentary procedure, by holding over unfinished Bills till the succeeding Session. As a preliminary they appointed a Select Committee to consider the matter, and whilst the Committee have been considering, the decision as to the course to be adopted in respect of important public measures has remained undetermined.

There is no precedent for quite such a muddle, not the least surprising feature in it being the patience with which it is borne by the House. It is quite in accordance with usage that, the Government having fallen into a pit of this kind, the Opposition should stand round the hole and pelt them with stones. But this last indignity and damage has been spared them. Sometimes from their own side, sometimes from below the Gangway opposite, questions have come as to their intentions; but right hon. gentlemen on the Front Opposition Bench have maintained a considerate silence, to the manifest surprise of the House, and the ill-disguised resentment of the friends below the Gangway, who do not understand the attitude.

Whilst the situation is anomalous, it may probably be found not to work in the direction of lengthening the Session. Rightly or wrongly, members on both sides have been impressed with the conviction that the Government, though coy about making the definite announcement, have some time ago actually abandoned the intention of either carrying the Tithes Bill or of softening the fall of the Land Purchase Bill by hanging it up till next Session. In this belief, members have quietly gone on with the stock work brought before them, and have even made considerable progress. Bills, even important ones, such as that affecting the Constitution of Western Australia or the expenditure of millions on barrack accommodation, have been quietly advanced stage by stage, till to-day they are out of the Commons. Mr. Stanhope has made his statement on the policy of the War Office, with special reference to pending reorganisation, and some way has been made with the

debate. This week the House has stuck in the Irish Estimates, and two nights were given to the Constabulary Vote, which was passed only by the intervention of the Closure. But that, as things go, is not an undue appropriation of time, and on Tuesday a considerable slice was taken out of the sitting by debate and division on the London County Council Bill.

What took place with respect to this measure illustrates one of the failures of the legislative machine. The Bill, though dealing with nothing less than the government of the millions who people London, was brought in as a private measure, and therefore took precedence of other business. It was debated on the second reading and referred to a Select Committee, carefully nominated so as to secure persons possessing special knowledge of the subject, and representing interests directly concerned. The Committee met through many days, working hard, and manfully shaping the ends of the Bill. It was reasonable to suppose that the Bill, when it returned, was made as perfect as human ingenuity could devise, and the only matter left for the House would be to affix the seal of its approval. Instead of that, a member moved a host of amendments, his speech being listened to with manifest impatience by a score or two of members, the rest of the House being out in the Lobby, in the reading-room, or the writing-room. Then the bell rings for a division, members troop in by the hundred, and go out to vote on a question of which they know absolutely nothing.

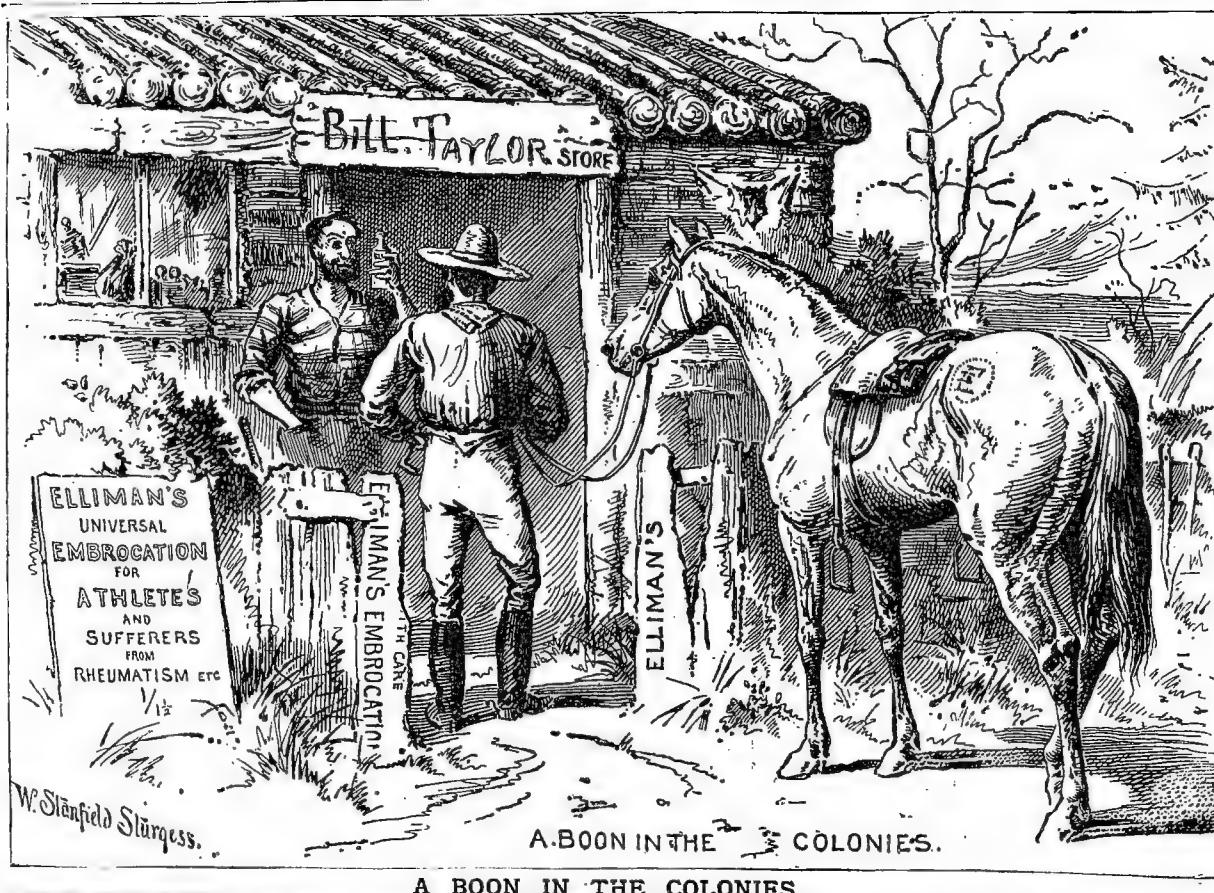
Black Rod has had a bad time of it, his ancient and honourable office having become the object of contumely and scorn. At this time of the year business in the House of Commons is apt to be interrupted by the incursion of Black Rod bringing invitation to attend in the other House and hear the Royal Assent given to certain Bills. Before the New Rules came into force, Black Rod's arrival generally fell in the time of private business, and no particular inconvenience arose. Now, however, that the House of Commons meets an hour earlier than it used to do, Black Rod is wont to plop in at full question time, as he did on Friday night, with the added disadvantage of appearing on the scene just as Mr. Gladstone was asking a question. It is a time-honoured custom, descending from the epoch when the relations of Lords and Commons were vastly different from what they are to-day, that the appearance of Black Rod at the doorway should act as a peremptory full stop on the proceedings in the Commons. Mr. Gladstone, interrupted by the doorkeeper, who immensely enjoys this occasional privilege of suddenly appearing on the scene and dominating it with the bawling cry of "Black Rod!" immediately resumed his seat. Whereupon the Irish members, who a few years ago were themselves accustomed to break in upon Mr. Gladstone's speech with angry and offensive cries, waxed indignant. They almost hooted poor Black Rod, an elderly gentleman, not so safe on his pins as he used to be, and already embarrassed by the necessity of having to walk backward from the table to the door. It was for the moment a lively scene, enjoyed by every one except Black Rod, and seems to pre-sage an alteration in an ancient custom.

During the week the House has been agitated by other and more substantial alarms. Towards midnight on Monday wild reports came of a riot in Bow Street, the revolt of the police, and the calling out of the military. At question time inquiry had been made as to the situation, and reassuring answers were given by Ministers. The epidemic of disorder had, it was reported, reached one of the crack regiments. The Grenadier Guards, it was said, were in a mutinous state, and the only person who did not seem acquainted with the circumstance was the Secretary of State for War. Asked on Monday by Mr. Cunningham Graham what truth there was in the current reports of disaster at Wellington Barracks, Mr. Stanhope declared that he had heard nothing of it, at which the House relapsed into a condition of puzzled silence. The report was very circumstantial; but of course if the Secretary of State for War did not know anything about it, it could not be true. It turned out that the newspaper reports were accurate, and Mr. Stanhope ill-informed, an incident which threw a curious light on the relationships of the head of a great spending department with its practical working.

Mr. Balfour has in the Commons borne the heat and burden of the week, struggling every night with the Irish members in Committee of Supply. He has not proved unequal to the task, a happy circumstance, since he has been in unusual degree left to it single-handed. Moving incidents at Bow Street and Wellington Barracks, not to mention the room where the Committee on Procedure sit, have necessitated frequent consultations between bewildered Ministers; and there have been lengthy periods when the Treasury Bench has been tenantless, save for the presence of Mr. Balfour, with the occasional companionship of the Attorney-General for Ireland. On Wednesday the House had an interval, probably its last this Session, when private members took their chance, the Bankruptcy Bill coming up for consideration, as amended in the Standing Committee. On Thursday Ireland once more occupied the field.

A WEDDING IN A BALLOON has just been celebrated at Lowell, Massachusetts, U.S.A. The balloon was anchored to the ground for the ceremony, after which the clergyman and the bridal guests descended to *terra firma*, and the bride and bridegroom then sailed away for a honeymoon trip in the clouds.

POISONING A HUSBAND appears to be a very ordinary occurrence in Croatia. Ten peasant-women have been tried at Mitrowitz for thus putting their spouses out of the way, and though several of the murderesses committed the crime in order to marry some one else, others acted on most trivial grounds. One woman thought that she would have less work to do if her husband were dead, whilst another gave the remarkable reason that her neighbour had just set her the example. The majority of the accused escaped with various terms of imprisonment, but the four worst criminals were condemned to be hanged, although, as the Austrian Emperor never signs a woman's death-warrant, their necks are safe.



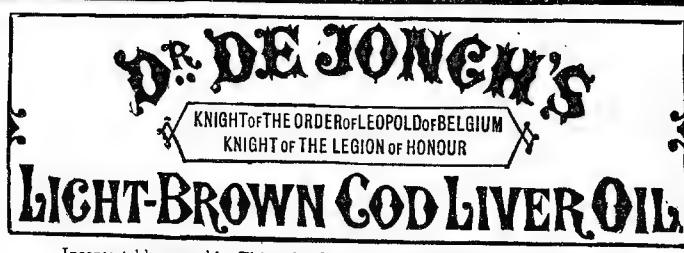
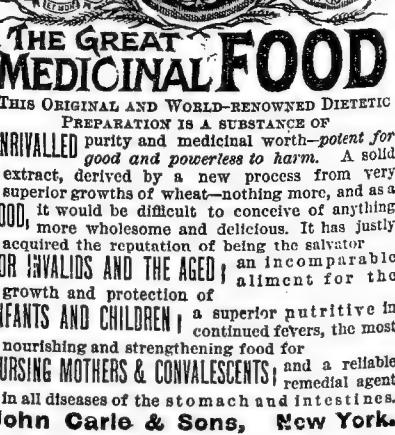
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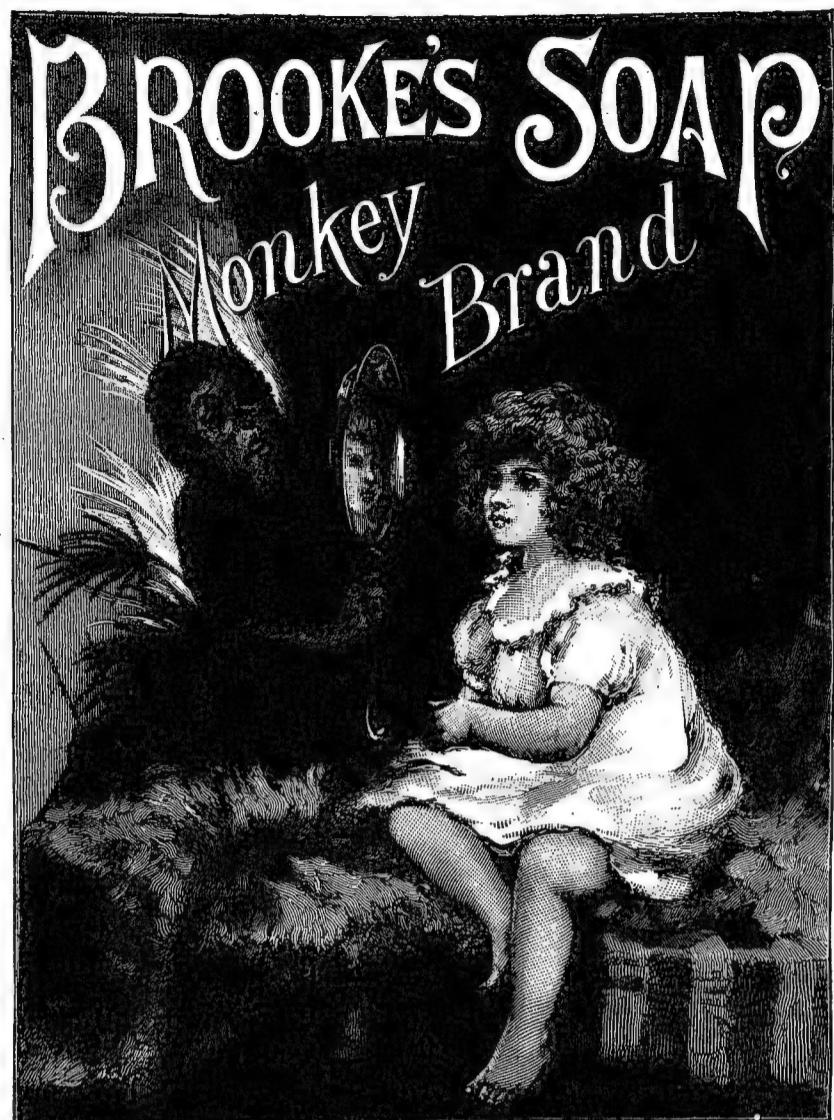
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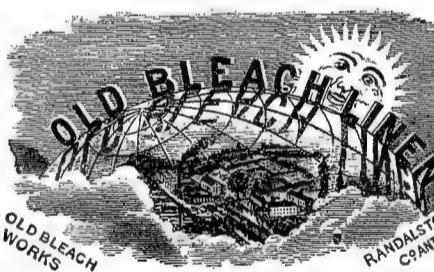
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NEW NOVELS

An anonymous novel called "The Rajah's Heir" (3 vols.: Smith, Elder, and Co.), is a long and rambling romance, apparently with a purpose, but of what nature it is not easy to gather. The hero is a young Englishman, who, through a singular family complication, is, unknown to himself, the acknowledged heir to the dominions of the Rajah of Gumilund—a wise, a philosophic ruler, who is reincarnated in the person of his heir, Tom Gregory; so that the latter, to his considerable inconvenience and bewilderment, is the possessor of two personalities at once. This is not made the foundation of a farce, but of an intensely solemn and serious narrative, with the Indian Mutiny for one of its incidents, in which people see strange visions, and hear mysterious voices, in addition to a number of melodramatic adventures. Then there is Vivien Leigh, a wonderful young lady, who can fascinate cobras, and is evidently intended to be herself a sort of human snake; but she seems to have walked out of another story and lost her way. The best things in the novel are the fighting scenes—notably that in which General Elton, who at any rate has no mystical nonsense about him, is trapped into an ambuscade by the men in whose treachery he could not believe. That is a really fine, vigorous, and pathetic piece of work; but a great deal of vapid rhodomontade has to be waded through in order to reach it.

Jean Middlemass calls her latest novel "Two False Moves" (3 vols.: F. V. White and Co.). "Two hundred false moves" would have been nearer the mark: and it is impossible to say which two she means out of so many. Nobody ever makes a right one, even by accident, in great things or in small: nobody has a single grain of common sense, from beginning to end. Under such conditions the construction of some sort of a story is not difficult. Fresh situations and complications must inevitably arise when people persistently act in diametrical opposition to the ways of real life, are always laying the most palpable traps for one another, and always

walking into them. Here, for example, is a queer piece of business. Lewis Bellingham, the arch-villain, requiring 1,500*l.*, which, apparently, he could have obtained by ordinary methods with the greatest ease, forges his partner's name to a bill, in such a manner as to insure detection. He further calls attention to the transaction by sending the partner out of the country on pretext of business, and letting it get about that the temporary absence was a flight to escape creditors. But this is not all. He is in love with the girl whom his partner was to marry: and, to part the two, he tells the girl that her lover's absence was an elopement with her dearest friend, who has never disappeared at all. So weak a plot could not have held together for two days at the outside; yet it succeeds so well that the girl forthwith marries the plotter, and—all the partner's friends are so profoundly interested in his imaginary failure to meet a bill that they unanimously cut him when he reappears at his club on his return. But plot-building was never Jean Middlemass's strong point, any more than grammar or the representation of dialect. What she excels in is her insight into the emotional side of women; and this excellence can be displayed nearly as well under impossible as under realistic conditions. And, after all, a good deal of emotion in real life is due to a faculty for seeing facts inside out and upside down.

"Miss Miles: a Tale of Yorkshire Life Sixty Years Ago," by Mary Taylor (1 vol.: Rivington and Co.), is very long indeed—very much too long, irrespectively of its number of pages. The impression it leaves is that shorthand writers have followed each of the many characters abroad for several months, taking down every word, however valueless or irrelevant, that fell from their lips—and these words mostly in that broad Yorkshire which, without prejudice to its intrinsic charm, is certainly *cavare* to the general. The characters—if such the shadows who wander over the stage can be called—are not agreeable people, and pointless talk leading to quarrels, misunderstandings, and reconciliations, all motiveless and uninteresting, is their only occupation. So far as anything like

story is concerned, it is as if the writer had been given a box of wooden toys which, not knowing how to play with them, she just took out, mixed up on the table, and then put back again. We incline to fancy that she has made the fatal mistake of thinking that whatever is found in real life is fit for fiction, just as it stands, without arrangement and selection—a mistake to which beginners are peculiarly prone.

"The Last of the Cornets," by Colonel Rowan Hamilton (2 vols.: F. V. White and Co.), is a collection of sketches of regimental life, bound together by the sorrowful tale of a promising but unlucky young officer—so good a fellow that it is difficult to pardon Colonel Hamilton for having brought him to an end at once so tragic and so inglorious. It is altogether a sympathetic little work, providing light and easy, and often amusing reading; and one excellent point about it is that—unlike most recent regimental stories—it does justice to the social qualities of the British officer, who has suffered so much from so many pens.

Nobody who has ever read a story by any American humourist about a boy who, in all sincerity of mind and simplicity of heart, becomes, to his own bewilderment, a domestic nuisance, will require much particular description of W. L. Alden's "Trying to Find Europe": by Jimmy Brown" (1 vol.: Sampson Low and Co.). The story is that of one of the aforesaid *enfants terribles*, who, in company with an Irish lad as his Sancho Panza, ran away from home to find his father at the "Grand Hotel, Europe," of their wanderings, and of the wonderful misadventures that beset them by the way. The humour is mainly represented by four words—namely, "mornfifty," "mornahundred," "mornamillion," and "mornamile;" and for the rest is of what is known to connoisseurs as "dry," which has still, we believe, its enthusiastic appreciators. To these, "Trying to Find Europe" is to be cordially commended; and nobody else will find it, for the school to which it belongs, exceptionally silly.

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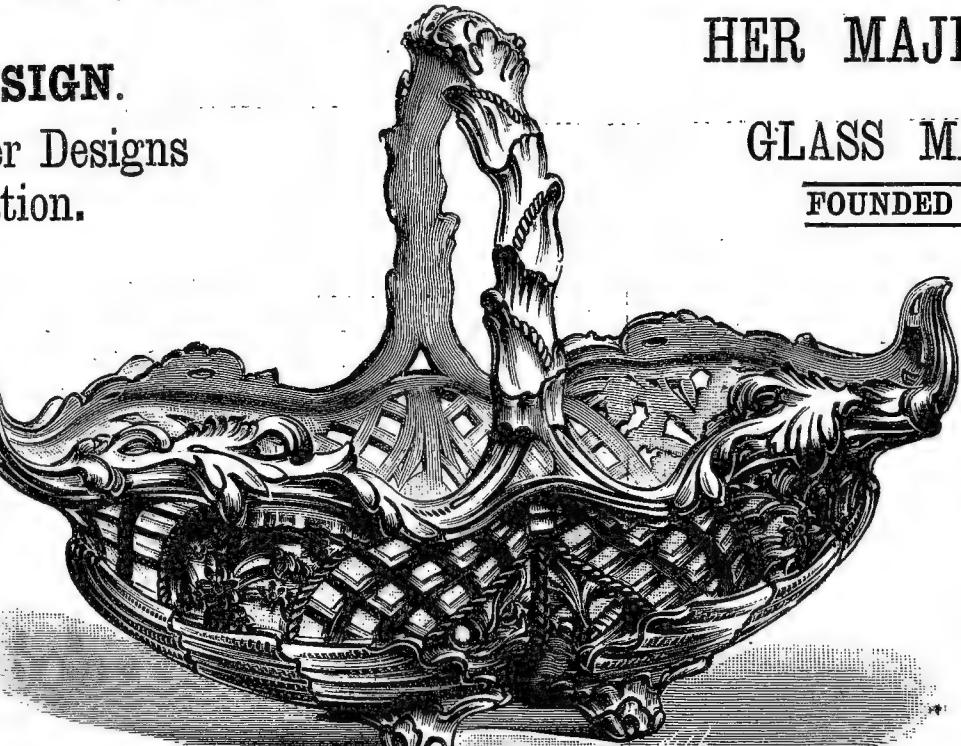
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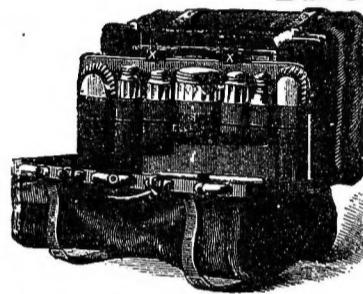
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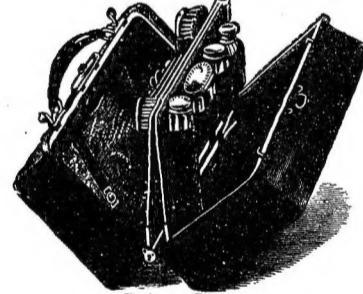
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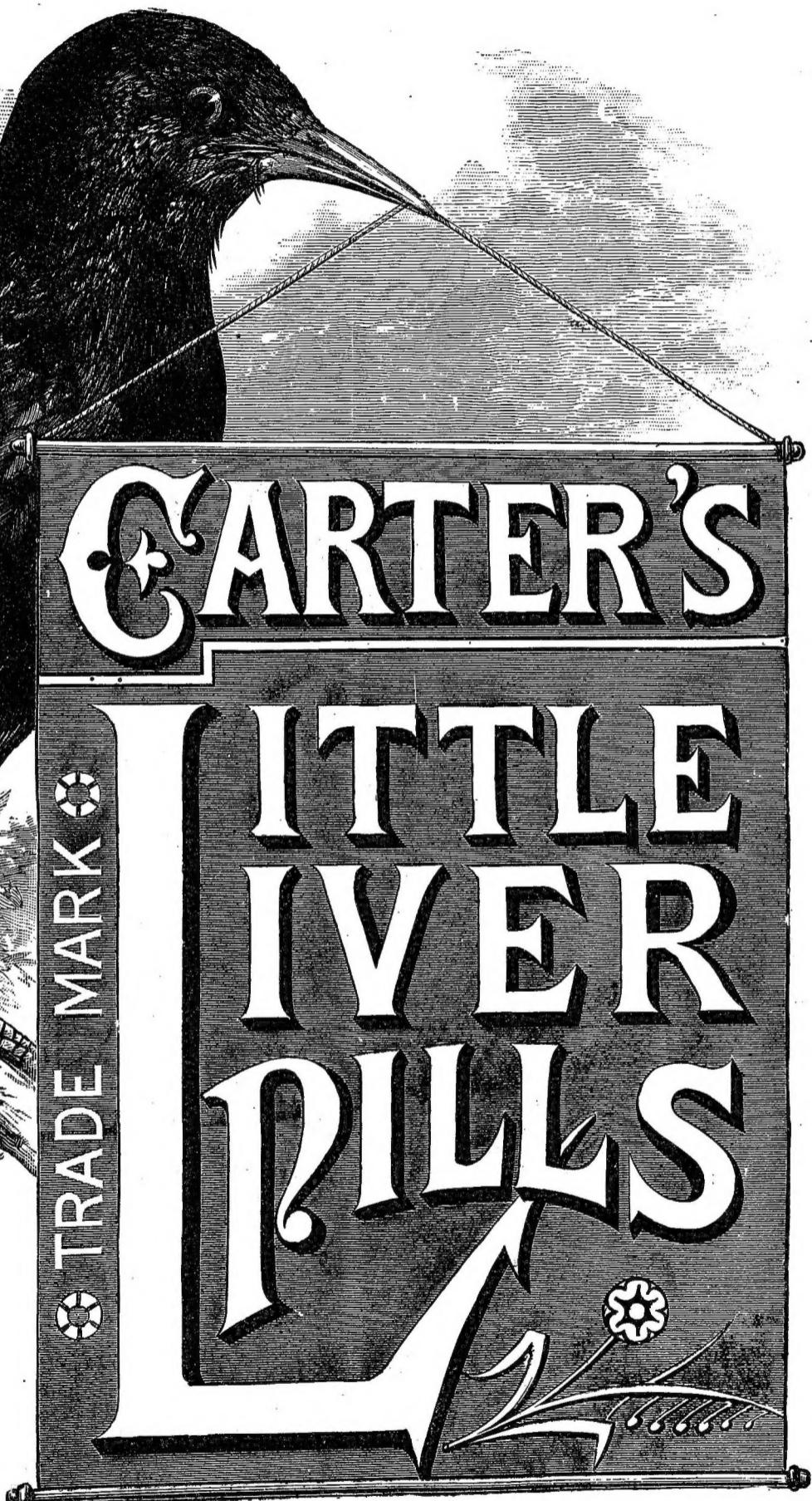
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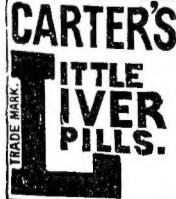
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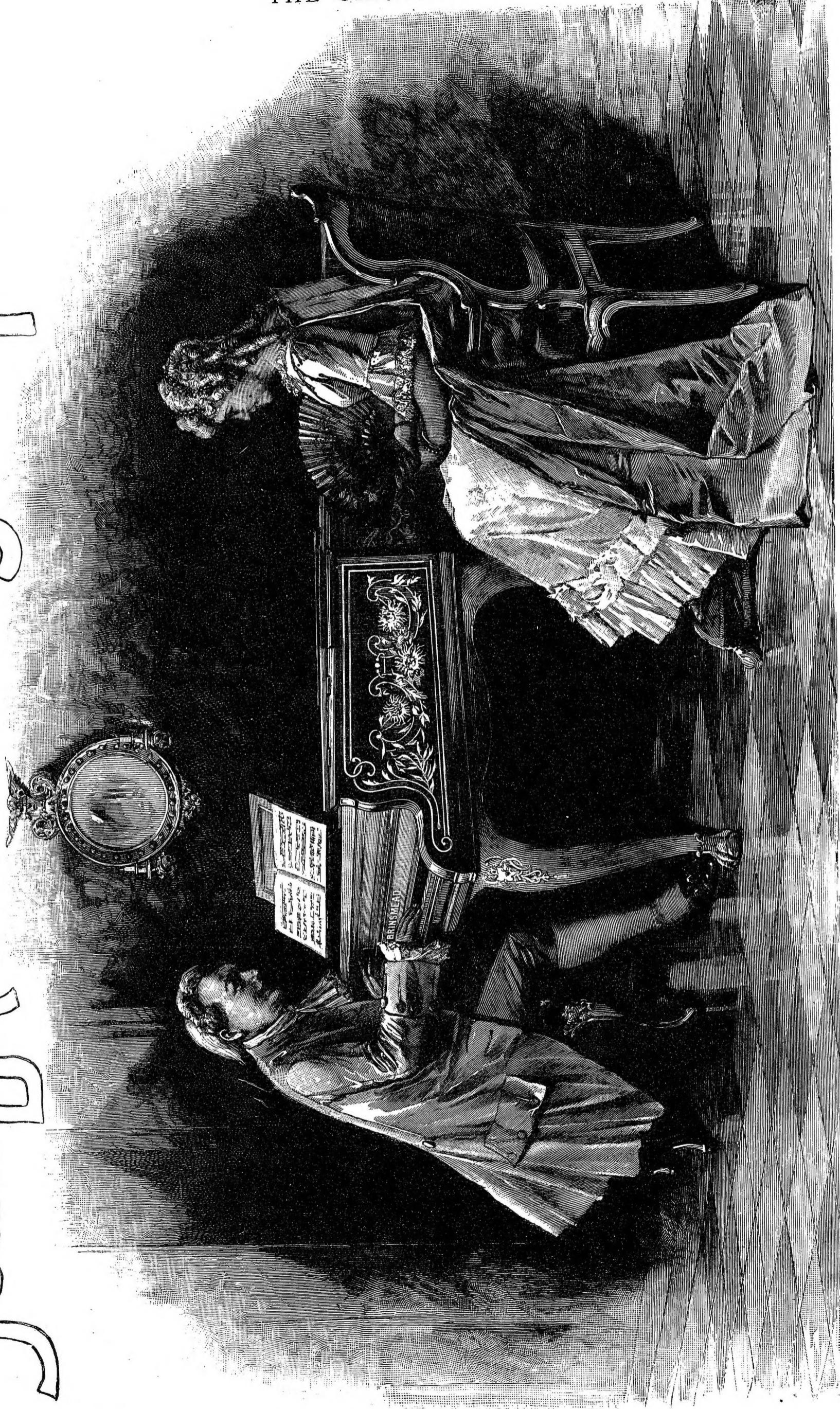


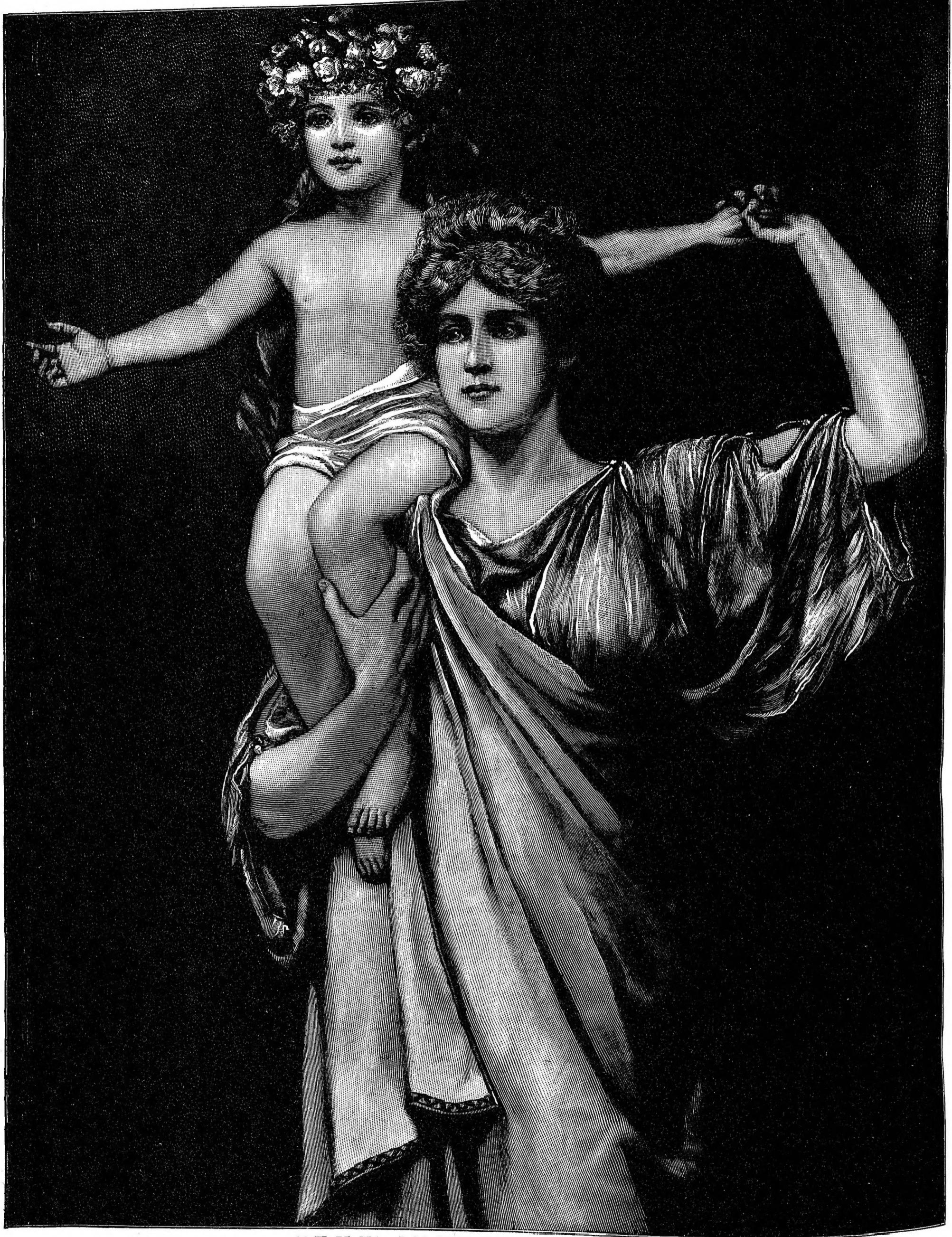
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